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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

L'Acadie, a new French-Acadian paper, published at Weymouth Bridge, and edited by Jules M. Lanos is the latest arrival on our exchange table. We bid it a hearty welcome.

Our evangelical contemporaries think it hard that the Pope is not willing for Italians to become Protestants. Even if he were willing, it could not be done. Italians are too clear headed for that, They know that there is only one genuine sort of Christianty, and when they give that up, they do not want any of the im-

One of the largest importers of hard coal in Eastern Nova Scotia is to-day selling it at a lower figure than our own soft coal. Just think of it, Pennsylvania anthracite cheaper than Pictou or Cape Breton soft coal!

Doctor Madison C. Peters, Baptist, wrote recently under the heading "Are Baptists bigoted?" The gentleman should come to Nova Scotia. He doesn't know the members of the Baptist Institute, they of the narrow minds and shallow perceptions. Dr. Peters would have to acknowladge that they are bigoted, and most foomsbly bigoted at that.

When, a few years ago, a wealthy syndicate began to pour money like water into the coal mines of this province, most of us chuckled with delight at the spectacle. But there were some who gravely shook their heads and said, "This is all very well, but wait till they start in to get their money back with interest." That moment has apparently arrived, and those who declined to chuckle are justified.

The Catholic Church does inot teach, and never did teach, that all Protestants will be lost, but she does teach, and has always taught, that any one who leaves her fold and dies in that state, will infallibly be lost. This is the reason why the Pope must always regret the success, or to speak more correctly, the apparent success, of the Protestant propaganda among the Italians or any other body of Catholies

Ireland supplies the English market with some of its best bacon and butter, while the poor peasant whose pig and cow produce these things lives on potatoes and buttermilk. But then he has the satisfaction of knowing how highly the produce of his country is valued abroad. It will also be a great comfort to the patriotic Nova Scotian buying his coal by the peck, instead of by the ton as formerly, to know that the Russian Government wanted a million tons and could not get it.

In justice to the coal companies it must be said that they make loud complaint against the independent spirit displayed by their miners in refusing to work any more hours in a day or days in a week than suits their pleasure. This, the companies say, is one of the reasons why they cannot meet the demand of the home market. The men know that labour is scarce and they take advantage of it. The companies seem averse to importing cheap foreign labour, but they may be driven to it, and if they are, the present workmen may wish they had not been so stiff-necked.

" After two thousand years of Christian teaching in a land of churches and ministers, Lazarus still lies at the rich man's

gate and his claim of brotherhood is unheeded," says R. R. McLeod, writing of the scandalous condition of the Charlottetown poor house. What he should have said was: "After four hundred years of Protestantism, etc." When Christendom was united, Lazarus was well looked after, and Dives was kept sharply reminded of SIXTY CENTS his duty. Modern pauperism began with the Reformation.

> Perhaps our young men will receive the following remarks of Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons with more respect than if they were made by a professor or a confessor or some other less distinguished personage:

Drink, late hours, cigarettes in youth, and the idea some men have that the way to have fun is to ruin your health—those things make young men old.

I live quietly sleep resularly, drink moderately, a little ale or beer, never spirits. I would as soon learn to crochet as to smoke a cigarette. In fact, I'd rather crochet. If a man criticised me for doing that, I could give him some kind of an answer, or at least give him a punch for criticising. But if he caught me smoking a cigarette, I'd have to confess that I had

A very well known fact, so well known indeed that its profound significance is perhaps often overlooked is thus called attention to by the Glasgow Observer:

Did you ever know a good Catholic to become a Protestant at the hour of death?

No, never; not one. Did you ever know a Catholic, who had fallen away from the practice of his re-ligion and who had drifted into Protestant-ism, to return to the Church at the ap-

Yes, a number of them.
Did you ever know a good Protestant
who became a Catholic on his deathbed?

Yes, a good many Death is a powerful Preacher, and what He says is true!

A Protestant chaplain in China writing after one of the massacres of Christians in that country said :

The murder of the Sisters of Charity is an outrage, not on a nation or a church, but on humanity itself. As chaplain of the British community of Shanghai I have had many opportunities of seeing the noble and devoted work of these ladies in taking care of the sick at the hospital. One Sister was an Irish lady (Sister O'Sullivan), whose memory is cherished with affection and gratitude by many of the community

And these are the women whose "garb," the good members of the Baptist Institute fear, will demoralize the public schools of Nova Scotia and New Bruns-

The Galveston disaster is the worst this continent has known since the flood at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in 1889. It is now thought that the number of the dead such a calamity the whole world should show its sympathy in a practical form by contributing towards the relief of the destitute survivors. Unless the Town Council should decide to take the matter in hand, THE CASKET will be pleased to receive and forward subscriptions towards a relief fund. Two millions of dollars was required for the Johnstown sufferers, more than that is needed for Galveston. This is an occasion when he gives twice who gives quickly.

An article on the religious state of Italy, which will be found on one of our inside pages this week, and for which we are indebted to the excellent Providence Visitor, is especially commended to the attention of our readers. Queen Margherita's, prayer for her husband's soul was worthy of a heart broken wife, and if she had confined its circulation to her family no fault would be found with it. But the Pope could not permit it to be scattered broadcast, since the language in which it was couched referred to King Humbert who, whatever his private virtues may have been, was in public life a retainer of stolen property, as though he were one of the martyrs of the Church.

The vigorous young Freeman of St. John has very properly taken up the subject of the use of in schools which Catholics are compelled to support, and to which they have to send their children, of a reading-book containing Macaulay's "Battle of Naseby." We want equal rights in this country, and that includes immunity from insult at the hands of

school teachers and school book makers, equal to that enjoyed by our Protestant fellow citizens. Does any one imagine that language as offensive to Protestant as that used in "Naseby" is offensive to Catholics would ever be tolerated in a public school text book? No, not for one instant. Then why are we expected to pocket such affronts, and accused of bigotry and narrow mindedness if we protest against them?

President Loubet of France caused what the newspapers call a "sensation" some weeks ago when, in taking leave of the troops about to embark for China, he said to the chaplain : "I entrust to you the souls of our soldiers." The President forgot for the moment that he was the head of a nation which has officially discarded, together with the idea of a God, that of an immortal soul. It is all very well for the heathen Chinese to have souls, and France will send warships and troops to protect French priests in their work of saving them. But as for Frenchmen themselves having souls to save or care for, it is almost as much as any French official's political life is worth even to hint at anything of the kind. And what doth it profit a French official to save his soul if he lose his salary!

An esteemed contemporary waxes hysterical over the tearing down by some indignant people at Bar Harbour of the Boer flag hoisted by a New York lawyer when the village was en fete to welcome the visiting British warships. There is no question at all as to Mr. Van Ness's right to fly the Boer flag at this time. If his neighbours resented it, they did so just as a private family would resent the action of one of their members who should take occasion of the visit of an invited guest whom he did not like to come forward on the piazza as the guest was entering and use insulting language towards him. The conduct of Mr. Edward Van Ness on this occasion stands on the same level as the conduct of Mr. Joseph H. Choate at an Irish Society dinner. There was nothing treasonable about it, it was simply boorish ill-breeding, that is all. Traitors are transported or put to death, an unmannerly little boy is only whipped or put to bed.

For some time we have been hearing of a threatened coal famine in Newfoundland and Montreal; now the same calamity is feared in some of the mining regions themselves. Owners of small steamboats have to keep them tied up at the wharves while they go from one manager to another begging to be allowed to buy a ton of coal. The warm weather is over, and heads of families anxious to lay in their winter's fuel are met with the chilling statement that the coal companies are behind hand with their foreign shipments and must positively refuse to make any local sales. A couple of years ago the County of Cape Breton was aglow with pride at the impetus given to mining by the new developments, and the consequent "good times." Now they begin to think they will need even more pride to keep them warm, since the prospect is that they will have little else to do it. Where local sales are still made, the price of coal is forty cents a ton dearer than it is in Montreal. The sharp competition between the big companies, anxious to secure large orders from abroad, cheapens the price in the foreign markets; the lack of such competition at home and the indifference to local sales raises the price to a point almost beyond the reach of the average workingman.

The secular daily papers contain lists of Protestant missionaries, their wives and children who are escaving from China. One would think that there was not a Catholic priest or sister out there. But there they are in thousands, an 1 there they remain like true-followers of Christ, fulfilling their duties, while the carpet-bagging evangelists are on the run from danger.

A short time ago we read a harrowing account of the narrow escape of the wife of a missionary from losing her wedding ring, which she had to put in her shoe, while in flight from the Boxers. Even the most trivial incidents concerning the Protestant missionaries are thought worthy of being inflicted on a patient public in carefully refrain from mentioning the Catholic missionaries and their heroic conduct. Of course the prominence given to the others is to some extent due to their disposition to ose and advertise; but that dose not supply the whole reason. THE CASKET has often complained of the systematic suppression of cold facts and information when they would reflect credit on the Catholic Church or upon Catholics. Many secular papers, which dare not throw away half their subscriptions accounts by declaring themselves Protestant papers, have done mean service for Protestantism by the simple means of the quiet suppression of the truth.

In the State of Ohio, during the year ending June 30, 1900, 8,547 suits for divorce were begun, an increase of 1012 over the previous year. Of these, 3,878 were granted, an increase of 661 over the previous year. 1060 were refused, and 3,519 were pending at July 1st. These figures were supplied by the Catholic Telegraph. The Sacred Heart Review remarks: "These are terrible conditions." Yes, they are. Why talk of the Mormons and of the abominable polygamous practices of their State of Utah? Why talk talk about converting the heathens, by American missionaries and with American money support, whilst the social fabric at home is decaying so fast, whilst the records of Chicago show one application for divorce to every five marriage licenses? Who can make clean or keep clean a society composed so largely of divorcecourt celebrities? The saddest reflections induced by consideration of the divorce evil is the one which we must make upon the condition of the children of broken-up marriages. Any child has dangers and difficulties enough ahead in life. But how will it be with the children of parents who are seen by the child, when it grows up, married to others. We should just like to know how such situations can be explained to children without scandalizing that he is a Jesuit Missionary who resides

Institute think of the recklessness of their Presbyterian brethern in Glasgow? If the simple dress of Catholic Sisters must have an unwholesome effect upon the Public School System, what may they not dread as the effect of the vestments of priests and the altar decorations of Catholic churches, upon the Presbyterianism of those stern old Scotchmen? The Catholic Standard and Times says:

Shades of John Knox and Jennie Geddes! What's this we hear of from Glasgow The Bailies of that stannchly-Presbyterian borough going to a Popish Mass! Ever so, my masters: the times are as out of joint as the events that made good Dominic Sampson ejaculate "prodigious!" Scottish papers tell the tale of woe. The Bailies (magistrates) and the Town Council having been invited to attend the Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the King of Italy, at a meeting to consider the matter, Bailies John Ferguson and D. M. Stevenson urged it would be a graceful indication of respect for a friendly nation and for the religious opinions of their Roman Catholic fellow-citizens. With some slight dissent, it was agreed to bring it before the Town Council, where it was agreed to unanimously. Accordingly, some seven or eight of the Bailtes, headed by the Lord Provost, and bearing their chains of office and attended by about thirty members of the Town Council, proceeded on the 8th instant to St. Andrew Catholic Cathedral, where they occupied seats in front of the high altar. Since the Reformation no such public recognition of Catholicism has taken place in Scotland.

Apropos of our remarks last week on the antics of wealth, the following, from the editorial pages of the Providence Visitor of the 8th inst. is of interest:

"After all," asks the Journal, "do Americans admire the Vanderbilts, Astors, Rockefellers, Carnegies and Huntingtons above all others?" Yes, they do. They like a certain amount of edifying talk about high ideals of life, the moral beauty of duty, and all that sort of thing, but the popular ideal is success. The man who succeeds in the scramble after wealth and the power which wealth brings is the man who commands homage and admiration. Emerson's saying that America is the land of opportunity has entered into the souls of the American people. "Put money in thy purse" is the greatest and the first commandment for the average American, "post nummos virtus;" is the second. Henri de Regnier may be a trifle unkind and his dictum may lack the charm of novelty. But, he is right.

Yes, they are admired; but there is something more - they are envied. Not as the aristocracy of Europe are envied by the peasantry, for there the poorer classes look on the social and financial superiority large headlines; but the secular papers of those above them with equanimity, the

usage of ages having accustomed them to it. Yet even there envy and covetousness breed discontent which sometimes breaks out violently. In America the distinctions between one class and another are not accepted so philosophically by those who have to take the back seats. It is preached that one man is as good as another, but not for one moment is that preaching carried out in conduct. Thus the envy which Americans feel for the class of people indicated above is mixed largely with discontent and malice. They admire their success, imitate their faults in efforts to attain similar success; but the rich and the poor are farther apart in the United States than the much boasted equality of citizenship would lead one to expect.

A NEW CATECHISM.

A most difficult kind of book to write is

a satisfactory catechism for young children. During five years or more, a committee of theologians have been engaged in Dublin, under the direction of Arch. bishop Walsh, in compiling a child's catechism, and their labours are not yet completed. The objection to most catechisms is that they are too theological, too long, too abstract in language, and m general too much beyond the child's understanding. The compiler is apt to forget that the object is not to teach the science of religion, but religion itself. Science keeps in view primarily the demands of reason; religion keeps in view primarily the concrete objects of faith. Grammar is a useful study in its place, but the mother tongue is not acquired by means of grammar. No one would tell a child just learning to talk that this word is a nonn and that one a verb. This scientific method we reserve for the child just learning to lisp religion. Our catechisms are scientific theological treatises. A new one comes to us from the press of B. Herder, St. Louis. All we are told of the compiler is their little minds terribly and irretrievably. in St. Ignatius College, Chicago. This new attempt has its merits, no doubt. We What do the members of the Bsptist | have not catalogued them, because the very first question reveals the scientific theologian, not the teacher of religion to little children. The two first questions are: "Is there a God?" and "How do you know there is a God?" Why muddle and shock the minds of children with suggestions of a rare mental disease which can only exist in the wayward minds of occasional adults? It is very scientific to lay a rational foundation of natural theology, but it is also very cruel and very foolish in a catechism. Even in an ordinary congregation of adults a preacher would do much more harm than good by dwelling upon the formal proofs of God's existence. The catechism should be the mother tongue of religion, not hard, dry science. The compiler might as ably begin the chapter on man by asking whether there is a man as begin the chapter on God by asking whether there is a God. To a little child who has been praying every day to God the Father in Heaven, it is little short of a crime to put the question: Is there a God! The correct method of teaching Christian doctrine to children is given in the Apostles' Creed. It begins with: I believe in God the Father Almighty. Keep your rationalistic methods for the time when reason is awakened and active and requires food of that kind. When learning the catechism it is the child's beautiful faith that is active, and requires exercise upon the Persons and Things of the unseen world.

Apart from the radical defect of method this catechism shows by numerous inaccuracies of statement that, after all, the time taken by the Dublin theologians in their work is not unreasonably long. Take, for instance, the question: "What are the chief works which our Saviour wrought on earth?" Surely the child will here be told that the Saviour wrought our Redemption on the Cross. That is at least one of the chief works. It seems not, however, for the answer is: "He taught the way to Heaven; established the Church; and instituted the Sacraments." Here we have one work divided into two. The instituting of the Sacraments was not a work separate and apart from the establishing of the Church. We would not notice this unnecessary separation if it were not carried out in detail, leading to graver defects. Thus we are told that the reasons why God uses visible Sacraments to convey grace to us are: "That we may know His graces better, and be excited to devotion." These reasons are true

(Continued on fourth page.)

Captains Courageous.

When Rudyard Kipling told the story of the "We're Here in Captains Courageous," he told more of Gloucester fisherman's life in a manner true to minor details than has, perhaps, ever been written, but of the graver and more perilous aspect he had not an actual experience, without which no man can adequately portray the pictures of awful hardships and endurance which so often go untold. A Gloucester skipper, as a rule, believes so implicitly in the sailing qualities of his schooner, his own tact and the skill and hardihood of his crew that he fears to encounter no storm in any sea. But there are times when skill and strength and brave hearts are sorely tested, and many are the hardy sailors whose ship never comes into Gloucester's beautiful harbour.

There has recently passed away at Gloucester, Mass., one of these " Captains Courageous" in the person of Captain Henry E. Thorpe, a native of Eastport, Me., and a man who had many friends in Canada, especially in the Maritime Provinces. He was a brother of Mrs. F. J. Freeze, of 81 Park Avenue, Montreal.

Captain Thorpe was a man who loved his vessel, and whose crew believed in him and honoured his every call, and respected his slightest wish; hence, there was in his heart no thought but that of the success which attended him in all the years he sailed as master. He never told man or boy to do what he could not and dared not do himself. During one fearful storm he stood by the wheel twenty-seven hours without regard to clothing or food, and relinquished his position only when he knew she was in safe sailing.

AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE.

Of a coming home of the schooner Nourmahal from a winter trip the Boston Globe, whose representative was sent to meet her in the lower harbour in Portland, Me., had a description which interestingly and truthfully described the peculiar hardihood of these stordy fishermen:

The fishing schooner Nourmahal, Captain Thorpe, is in the lower harbour, and he and his crew of eighteen men have passed through an experience the like of which will not be duplicated this season. How they lived through it is a mystery. Out of five weeks they have had only four days during which they could leave their schooner to set their trawls, and at one time six men were called to the wheel in fifteen minutes, and every man was compelled to go back with a frezen face.

The schooner left Gloucester January 14, and from the time she reached the bank until February there was a constant succession of heavy gales, bad weather, and high winds. February 1st a northeast blizzard struck them, but they held their ground until February 16, when the field ice came down from the north in great masses and they were forced to leave. It was at this time that the weather became fearfully cold, and the schooner made ice with appalling rapidity.

The men had hardly any rest. They would scarcely get below for a little sorely needed sleep before they would be called out to pound the ice, the schooner being in great danger of sinking. At times they were called out three or four times during the night watch. The cold was so intense and the ice made so fast that had they been forced to relax their efforts for even a short time the great weight would have carried them under. They were simply forced to work for their lives, and even while doing their best, and working up to the full limit of their strength, there were times when the result seemed in doubt, for the ice made faster than they could cut it off; then the wind would die down a little, the spray would be less, the ice would make less rapidly, and they would gain on it. They had scarcely time even to eat, much less to sleep.

The weather was so co'd that the man at the wheel would be thoroughly chilled, and even would freeze the exposed portions of the face in a very few minutes. At one time, as has been said, the men were rapidly relieved, but six of them were more or less frozen in fifteen minutes.

"It was turn out, take your trick at the wheel and be frozen, or go down," was the

way they put it when telling the story. As a last resort the men cut up their clothing and made masks for their faces. This helped them to some degree, as it kept out the cutting cold and wind, but even they were forced to change constantly.

The wave had been constantly breaking over the deck for some hours, when, during the morning of February II, an enormous sea came on board, sweeping four dories and everything else movable from the starboard side of the schooner. The sea was at this time very high, and they were simply struggling among the monster waves that threatened every moment to complete the work of destruction. The wind was not as high as it had been. but the cold was still worse. They were at that time passing through the great storm reported as prevailing outside.

This battle with the cold and ice con-

storm off this coast. Fortunately for them, and it was humanly speaking, the one thing that saved them, the weather moderated, and they made no ice, but succeeded in freeing their schooners of the great burden that had accumulated during the previous days of struggle and danger.

Captain Thorpe said that when the glass began to fall he was carrying all the sail he could in the hope of getting in here before the approaching snowstorm should shut down on him. At the time the storm struck, and it came on with great rapidity, he was carrying all sail, even to the heavy mainsail.

" And if we had been anything but Gloucester fishermen, that mainsail would never have come down," said the captain. "It was covered with sleet and it was wet and heavy with snow. Only men who had passed through such weather as we encountered could have taken it in, and even as it was we could not have done it if we had not had a large crew."

The schooner was kept headed in, except for one hour last night, when the storm was at its worst.

All that saved them during their struggle was the fact that the schooner is a very strong craft and the best of seamanship was displayed. Their quarters are dry, and great fires were kept up all the time.

During the five days of the fearful and constant struggling with the ice they came 700 miles. They took 12,000 pounds of fish during the only four days of fishing weather they had.

The same iron will which brought him success as a captain and carried his vessel through the flerce storms of the years he sailed her, remained with Captain Thorpe until the last, and he never until then gave up the battle for life. He leaves a widow and a daughter .- Montreal Star.

End of a Noble Life.

Bishop Charles Pelvat, of the diocese of Nagpur, Central Provinces, India, is dead. On July 23, he was stricken by the dread cholera which had been claiming thousands of victims daily in his famine-swept diocese. The heart-rending scenes of the famine and the superhuman efforts Bishop Pelvat had made to relieve the widespread suffering undermined his constitution and contributed much to his death. His own letters bear witness to this. In a communication to the Monitor last April, the dead prelate gave a description of the direful condition of his desolate diocese.

"The diocese of Nagpur extends over twenty-two districts and a dozen of small tributary States, with a population of fifteen millions of inhabitants. All this immense territory, already sorely tried by the famine of 1896-97, is again affected by the most severe drought ever seen in these parts of India; all these millions are decimated by hunger, thirst, plague, smallpox and cholera. The scourge is so widespread, so intense and so varied that it baffles and defies all efforts. Two millions of people in this diocese receive at present official help, and the number is daily increasing. By the side of these two million there are thousands of children and women without protection, of aged and infirm people who for some reason or other, have no share in official charity and depend entirely upon private assistance to escape a slow and cruel death.

"Here is a woman with four children, who has lost her husband on the way, and has been wandering for days through forests in search of wild fruits and roots; there a man with three small children that he brought on his shoulders and in his arms, another child and his wife having perished a few days ago; children having lost their parents or been abandoned by them, and joined the band in its wanderings. While I write one of our nuns brings me a skeleton of a boy of about twelve years, who was found close by on the roadside with scarcely a breath of life.

"The witnessing of such scenes and our inability to rescue and save all these unfortunate creatures cause the heart sink and our courage and physical strength to give way. We have already prolonged and saved many thousand lives; I spend my days and nights in sustaining the courage of our zealous missionaries. priests and nuns, and in forwarding their cries of distress wherever there are sympathetic and charitable souls.

"There are the hill tribes, habitually living on roots, wild fruits, small trade in wood, who, not being accustomed to the hard work of breaking stones or weildigging, will not go to Government relief camps, but prefer to wander through the forests in search of food, which the parched ground and the dying trees have not produced this year.

"Last week, during a pastoral visit through two disaffected districts, we halted four days close to a hill village, where we have some neophytes of the Kurku tribe. From morning to night bands of famine-stricken people, walking skeletons, the children in a complete state of nudity, the men and even women with a few filthy rags around their loins, arrived tinued until they struck into the fearful at our but. They lay on the ground, years.

water, showing their hollow stomachs, their arms and legs, all their limbs emaciated, craving not to be sent away to die in

the jungle. A correspondent of the Bombay Gazette gives the following details of Bishop Pelvat's death :

"On Monday, 23rd July, evening, at 5 o'clock, the Catholic community of Nagpur and the residents at large of all creeds, without distinction, were thrown into mourning by the untimely and unexpected death of the Right Reverend Doctor C. F. Pelvat, Roman Catholic Bishop of Nagpur. His death is deplored by all. He died in the prime of life, being in the 55th year of his age, after a short illness of twelve hours. The cause of death is said to be cholera. His body, which was dressed in full canonicals was laid out in the 'chambre ardente' and a large crowd of people of all denominations went to pay a last visit. The Catholies, together with the clergy and the Sisters of both Convents, recited the prayers during the night. At 7 a. m., before the corpse was brought into the Cathedral, it was photographed by Dr. H. Roache, and was laid again in the Cathedral on a catafalque with innumerable candles burning round it.

"The Cathedral was draped in black and the alters likewise. By 8 a. m. the Cathedral was crowded to its utmost capacity. At a quarter past 8 a solemn high requiem Mass was sung and after Mass the usual responses and Absolutions having been given by the officiating priest, Rev. Father Foulex, the body was removed from the catafalque and was carried to its last resting-place on the hill adjoining the new seminary in course of construction. Here again the last Absolutions were given.

" The following gentlemen, besides the members of the Catholic community, took part in the funeral service: Messrs. Saunders, Deputy Commissioner of Nagpur; H. M. Laurie, Assistant Secretary to the Chief Commissioner, Playfair, D. S. P. : Kirkham, Personal Assistant to I. G. of Police: E. Burke, Assistant Comptroller of Post Offices; Honourable M. Chitnavis, C. I. E .; Honourable K. B. Bose, C. I. E .; Sanval, First Class Magistrate; M. B. Dadabhoy, Barrister-at-Law; Rev. Dr. Fraser, and Rev. C. H. Barlow, of the Church of England, and others."

The Right Rev. Dr. Charles Pelvat was born in Annecy, in Savoy, 2nd June, 1845. He entered the Congregation of the Missionaries at St. Francis of Sales, was elected Bishop of Nagpur, 2nd of October, 1893, and consecrated on the 10th of December of the same year, by his Grace Archbishop Dr. Colgan of Madras .- San Francisco Monitor.

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

THEIR CONDITION DETER MINES THE STATE OF YOUR HEALTH.

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IT MAKES SICK PEOPLE WELL

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Indignant Patron-You advertise to cure consumption, don't you?

Dr. Quack-Yes, sir. I never fail when my instructions are followed. Indignant Patron-My son took your

medicine for a year and then died. Dr. Quack-My instructions were not followed. I told him to take it for two

mosning, crying, calling for grain and Government Baking Powder Tests.

The Royal Baking Powder is an old candidate for favour with the housekeepers of the Dominion. Its patrons will be pleased to know that the recent Government report giving the analyses of baking powders sold in the Dominion show the Royal to be the purest of cream of tartar powders, the most healthful in character, and of greatest leavening strength.

It is shown that the art in baking powder making is to give a pure and healthful powder, of highest leavening power, which will keep indefinitely without losing its strength. These two qualifications-effective keeping and highest strength-it is impossible to combine in a pawder except with the use of chemically pure ingredients. The report states that the only entirely cream of tartar powders which came up to this standard were the Royal and Cleveland's.

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B. J. RENDALL when the seventh notice was about half vas completely cured and without ish on him. After cessing treatment! e good care and did some light work with bee if it had effected a cure! I then starte Ask your druggist for Kendall's Spavin Cure, also 'A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or address TR. W. J. KENDALL COMPANY, ENCERURG FALLS, VT.

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TO BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION E.

MONDAY. The 1st Day of Oct., 1900.

at 10 o'clock in the forences. the following lots of land assigned to the scriber in trust by Walter W. Grant of Anish, in the Countr of Anish, required the Collection Act, 1881, and a amendment thereof.

1st All that certain lot, piece or pare

That certain other lot of land si 1. That cet tare very large and the large and large and the large and la owned or in possession of Willia containing eighty acres more or being the lands conveyed to the W. Grant by John McDonald. Co-nish, and Mary McDonald, his dated September. 26, 1894.

(Sgd.) THENRY IL MCUERD

JOSEPH A. WALL, Solicitor of Henry H. McCurdy.

Dated Antigonish, August 29, 1900.

GUARDIAN'S SALE

IN THE SUPREME COURT.

In the matter of the application of Michael Laffin, guardian of Seth Girroir, infant child of Girroir, late of Tracadle in the Antigonish, merchant, deceased, for certain real estate owned by said infa

Pursuant to an order for sale grant by honour Angus McLeast, master of the Sal Court, on the 30th day of August, a. D. D

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned grup to and including the

1ST DAY OF OCTOBER, A. D. 180

for the sale of all the estate, right, illeest, claim and demand which the said W. H. Girrior, deceased, had at the tine death in, to, upon and out of the follot, piece or parcei of

LAND

more or less.

2nd, all that certain let, piece a land, situate and being at Tracadi and bounded as follows: Bounded west by the said castern extension called and the lands of Simon Be northeast by the waters of Tracad on the northwest by lands owned be session of Peter Dorley; and on the by lands of the said Simon Benoit of the heirs or legatees of the la Dorley, deceased, containing fifteen

MICHAEL LAFFIN, guard Antigonish. GIRROIR & McINTYRE. Guardian's Solicitors.

THE DUEL IN THE DEEPER PIT.

It came upon me like the shot of a bullet wound. The thing was impossible to refute; it was real. The nickel plated revolver was in the mildewed locker where he said I should find it.

Valpy was mad. His mania was homi-

The net which his maniac cunning had spun around my life seemed of such maiignant strength and grip that no human effort could win me clear of its toils.

For awhile I was so stunned by its discovery that Valpy's letter fluttered from my fingers to the coaly mud of the floor, and the fluttering tallow candle, with its stepping of clay, threatened to follow it. Peril of life is no great novelty to me. It was not so much the physical danger which caused my head to whirl then as the shock of the other discovery. Valpy had been my friend for more than 20 years. We had known one another in saloon and steamer room, by tent and campfire. Our camaraderie had run its course with never a hitch, and now he demanded my life for an offence which could never in possibility have existed. He said in the bitter letter which he left me to read that I had alienated him from the affections of his wife. Why, the man had no wife.

This challenge of his was no sudden spasm. I saw that he had been contriving for weeks to pin me so that I must fight him. He had laid his plans with consummate skill; laid them, too, in the full sight of myself, and yet never allowed me a gleam or glimmer of his real object till the time was full and ripe for doing so.

He had found the advertisement in The Daily Courier, as it were by accident, before my very eyes, and after we had talked chaffingly about it during a lazy afternoon it was actually this that suggested his taking up this pit which was offered for lease,

'D'you know, Calvert,' be had said, 'I've the duce of a good mind to follow your advice. I'm getting rather bored with wandering over the globe doing nothing. It sounds fascinating to have an occupation in life, and the idea of being a coiliery proprietor is to a man of my autecedents. distinctly bizarre-that is, attractive. Honestly, if this place turns out to be anything like the advertisement states I believe Pil go in for it. Will you come with me when I go to prospect?

NDAY.

I had laughed and assented, and for the incceeding days he was as full of the mine is a chill with its first schoolboy hobby. Jur rooms were littered with plans, tables, teports and specimens. The smuggled Fauchnitz novels had disappeared, the pookcase was re-inforced by technical literature of a new genus. Everything about the mine was dinned into my cars about 20 times a day. It was in the neighbourhood of a shallow seam of coal recently worked out The shaft penetrated lower than this and was known as the deeper pit. For years it had been unworked, flooded. Now the water had drained away of its own accord-as mine water does once in a thousand times-and the workings were ready for the collier's pick. The royalties surrounding the original workings could be obtained readily and cheaply. Altogether It was a most desirable property to secure.

So the rusted engine on the pit bank was cleaned, a wire rope rove over the sheave to its end. On a day appointed Valpy and I came to Bromlope to make the descent.

There is a slight feeling of exultation when one drops down the shaft through which living man has not penetrated the entrails of this planet for over 16 years. and this feeling exhilarates. The cage descended slowly, screaming and grafting along the rusted guide iron, and in a matter of many minutes landed us on a platform of ebony bog left by the receding

With our candles thrust out at shoulder height we stepped off the floor of the cage, plodding heavily through the mud. The gallery was low enough to make us crouch our heads. The air was chill and moist. Presently we came to a small oblong cavern which formerly had been the colliers' drawing room and eating chamber. Valpy went in first, asking me to remain in the

Presently he called that I should come

'Look here, old man,' he said, thrusting a roll of foolscap into my fingers, 'have another turn at geography. Make sure how you stand, and then we can move more comfortably. I'll just go out and see if the narrow gallery which runs around the back of this is still sound or whether it has fallen in."

He went through the doorway, and after the yellow beam of his candle had been swamped in the darkness I could still hear the faint splashing of his feet in the semiliquid mud. Then I stuck my candle by its clay socket against the wall and carelessly unrolled the crisp paper and flat-

So confident had I been that it was merely a map of the mine which had been handed to me that it caused me a prelimmary shock to find that it was instead a est whisper came to me. In our many note scribbled in blue pencil. As I conned through the hair tickled on my scalp.

Valpy accused me of tampering with the ove of this imaginary wife of his, setting forth this indictment with detail and circumstance. He called to my memory the fact that our engineman on the pit bank had returned to his home and had been ordered not to rewind us to the surface for eight more hours. Then he challenged me to fight him to death. Previous to my entrance into the room he had placed a revolver and cartridges in the locker opposite the door. He himself possessed an armament similar in all respects.

watches coincided. So I should be able to know when he made it exactly 10.30. Up to that time there was a truce between us. The moment it passed he gave me his most sacred word of honour he should set about endeavouring to slay me.

Some people, reading so strange a screed under such strange circumstances, might have scented the practical joke and endeav oured to treat the matter as such. I knew Valpy too well. He was always an earnest sort of man, and the letter was pious to a degree. By some cerebral lesion he had lost his mind, and as with other mad creatures his first wrath rose against his stanchest friend. If the chance came to him, he would shoot me down like a beast.

Now, as I have said, the first shock stunned me, but the habits of a life spent for the greater part in wild places soon made themselves felt. My own self preservation clamored to be thought about. I glanced at my watch. There were left to me four minutes' grace. Then the truce would come to an end, and I might expect war to open at any moment.

Next I blew out the candle flame. Everything seemed to point to this as a necessity. Then when the cold darkness had closed down I nipped the smelling wick and slipped the candle into a pocket. It might be wanted again. I most sincerely hoped it would be wanted, because at that stage of the affair I had but one idea in my mind. I must come upon Valpy suddenly and disarm him. The rest would be simple. I was by far his superior in point of bodily strength. First, however, he must be found, and that, moreover, without letting him know he was being sought for until we came to hand grlps. In other words, he must be stalked. This seemed plain enough.

But as I went out of the door into the gallery a sense of the difficulties of my position began to grow upon me at once There were two ways to turn, up and down. From the farther side other galleries led off at right angles. I knew from the maps and plans the coal seam round the foot of the shaft was burrowed until the reticulations, if measured end to end, would make a line of tunnel many miles in length. Of course there would be stoppages at all places where the roof had caved, but these points were unknown to me. Valpy and I descended the pit mainly to find how frequently they existed.

Thinking of these things, I listened intently. In that black silence the only sound which fell upon the ear was the distant rivulet of water trickling from a pool

' Half past 10, Calvert. I see you have put out your candle, so we begin on entirely even terms. I need hardly recommend you to do your best to kill me, because if you fail as sure as God can see us even through all this great roof of rock so surely will I satisfy my honour with your

The voice seemed to come from close to my elbow. On the first tone I began moving toward it, using infinite care to stalk noiselessly. Yet the voice receded before me like an ignis fatuns, if one may use such a word in reference to sound, and I saw that Valpy had anticipated the maneuver and was in equal paced retreat. His original distance I could not guess, because the tunnels acted like a speaking tube and carried sounds with little diminution of volume.

I traveled on thus for quite 200 yards with every muscle ready to spring, every nerve at highest tension. Then I stopped to listen. At first it appeared that the silence around was absolute, but as my ear strained to even further refinements it seemed to me that I caught ever and anon the faint hush of breathing. Then, not very far away, a splinter of stone dislodged from roof or wall fell with a falsetto splash to the slime of the roalway and what had before been a suspicion became a cer-

Vaipy had rounded my flank and was now stalking me.

Let it be confessed that my first thought was for flight. My next, however, pointed out that he was playing my game. If he came upon me in the dark, I might be able to master him before he was able to use his weapon. With him once in my grip I should be content. The gallery there was a good six feet in height, and I leaned against the cold, slime covered wall with hands half raised. You can guess how keenly I listened for any small sounds

title of 'Cat' which had once been admiringly bestowed upon him by a Bengal shikari. Here he was stalking me now through slush which to another man's movements would have been noisy with squelchings and splashes, and yet, though I felt that he was advancing-yes, and following my spoor with his finger tips in each footstep-the deep earth silence was never intruded upon.

Suspense in many of its lurid shapes had been shown to me before, but the agony of Furthermore, he bad observed that our that wait for the madman is one of the deepest scars on my memory.

Always far sharper than my own and now more tartly stung by insanity, his animal senses showed him my whereabouts first, and he raised the muzzle of the revolver and pulled the trigger.

The sum of what my dazed eyes saw was Valpy's smudged white face and the pistol in a dazzling halo of flame. The bullet struck the wall beneath my left armpit, bringing down a small avalanche of shale.

I had so thought of returning his fire. Indeed, my revolver was in my pocket, still unloaded, but I leaped forward, endeavouring to grapple with him before he could get another shot. Doubling like an eel in the utter darkness, he left a side pocket of his coat in my hand and fled, giving parting shots behind him till he had emptied his revolver. The lead brought down great sheets of stone from the roof and sides till I thought that the whole stratum must have collapsed about our ears. Still no shot touched me, and I crashed on at his heels. But Valpy ran like a deer and distanced me, and at length I slowed down with hands and arms bleeding from contact with the rocky walls, and I heard Valpy slack his pace at the same time and heard also the tinkle of the empty shells as he ejected them and reloaded his

My original feeling toward my companion had been one of compassion. This was beginning to give way now, and wild anger was coming in its place. What had I done that my life should be so savagely attacked?

The breech of his revolver closed with a vicious snap, and I heard him cock the hammer. Then he halted, waiting for me. I halted too. To advance upon him would be a demand for instant death. As a general thing he was but an indifferent shot, but now I knew instinctively that he would not fire until the muzzle of his weapon rested against my breast.

He advanced again. I retreated, keepng pace with him. We were both too excited by this time to pay heed about treading delicately. Underneath were L rails, and on these our boots slid and clanked. The darkness was profound, and as I ran I steered my trailing raw finger tips along the ragged walls. The plan of the mine was fixed pretty securely in my head, and twice I turned corners at right angles, hoping that the double would cause him to miss me. He did nothing of the kind, hanging like a dog on the track, and the third time I tried it he laughed loud in

I was hot enough with exertion, heaven knows, but that laugh chilled me to the bone. The particular horror of it was something I would wish only my most hateful enemy to experience.

So Valpy hunted me on through the setwork of the colliery, till a thing happened which brought me to bay whether I wished it or no. The ground rose beneath my feet, and for awhile the roof rose too. Then the roof drooped again and the floor slanted up to meet it. There had been a fall of rock. The gallery was barred effectually. The madman was not a dozen yards from my heels.

I turned then, like a cornered animal, to fight desperately for life. At my feet were jagged masses of newly fallen shale. As if by instinct they found their way into my clutch, and with them I opened a furious bombardment of defence.

The roof of the gallery was rotten and crumbling, and where my missiles, vaguely aimed in the darkness, crashed against it great masses detached themselves and fell into the slime of the roadway. Why merciful Providence prevented me from building myself into a living grave there I cannot think, but I had the chance in my mind with every splinter of rock that I hurried and in my savage fury cared not, so that Valpy might be smothered by the avalanche which walled in myself. Far above all that infernal turmoil of crashing stone his pistol shots rang out shrill and clear till the thick air grew biting with powder smoke, and once more the chambers of his weapon were empty. Then, with a final discharge of missiles to herald my coming, I charged furiously at him, and

he in turn fled away down the gallery.

No longer did I remember that once he had been my friend, that his mind was unhinged and that his state demanded all forbarrance. forbearance. He was my most mortal enemy, the object of my most blind and deadly hate, and had I laid hands upon him then I should have ripped the warm life from within him with willing fingers. speaking of his advance, but not the faintest whisper came to me. In our many wanderings Valpy and I often stalked big game together, and I remembered, with a grashing teeth I lusted to smash my fist

ment I was no less a maniac than he

Then of a sudden the scene changed. The noise of pattering feet in front of me abruptly ceased. There was a heavy splash, a bubbling cry and silence. I halted and listed. No sound came to

me through the black gloom save only for the muffled lapping of tiny waves. Then the noise of a heavy surge echoed

down the gallery, and with it came a strangled voice which cried, "Help, for God's sake, help, Calvert!"

The voice was drowned in gurglings and splashings, and again an earth silence snapped down, amid which I could hear my own breathing and those faint snappings of water.

A great revulsion of feeling spread over me like a cold douche. Valpy, mad or sane, was drowning in some dreadful un-seen tank, which drained the water of the mine. He could not swim a stroke. If I did not rush then to save him he would die horribly. My fierce enmity withered and vanished within me. I remembered only the friendship of 20 years.

I strode forward again, stepped over some invisible brink and sank deeply into water so cold that I emerged from it breathless and gasping. At the same moment Valpy rose again to the surface, almost noiselessly, well nigh lifeless. My fingers slid out and twined themselves in his hair. Slipping beneath him I swam for

grim smile, how well he had earned the into the center of his face. Valpy might title of 'Cat' which had once been ad- have been mad all along, but at that mo- may have swum in anything but a straight may have swum in anything but a straight I was tired, faint, bruised, and the deadly chill of the water was paralyzing. I must have gone light headed then, for a horror seized me that I was on some vast

under lake, with shores leagues apart.

I swam on for what seemed hoursmonths - years, consciousness dimming with every stroke, and when at last I did touch a shelving beach the last glimmer of sentiment life within me died away.

Half in, half out of that foul tank's broth we lay together, the pair of us, for how many hours I cannot tell, and when the man on the pit bank above, growing alarmed at our non-appearance, formed a rescue party they found us still devoid of consciousness.

When we were brought to blessed consciousness once more, bruised, bleeding, filthy beyond recognition, a doctor took us both in hand, and through his skill I was but little worse for the adventure. But Valpy's case was different. He woke into a raging brain fever, and the doctor said that the disease must have smoldered in his system for weeks to permit its arriving at such a sudden and violent head.

Eventually my poor chum recovered, though only after a long and tedious convalescence; but he knew nothing of that awful duel he forced upon me in the black abyss of the Deeper Pit, and to this day I have never told him. - Boston Journal.

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There is what is called the worldly spirit which enters with the greatest subtility into the character of even good people; and there is what is called the time-spirit, which means the dominant way of thinking and of acting which prevails in the age in which we live; and these are powerful temptations, full of danger and in perpetual action upon us.—Cardinal Manning

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

A NEW CATECHISM.

(Continued from first page but they are not the chief. More important is it to know the divine purpose of uniting us all in one visible Church by means of visible grace-giving Sacraments, and thus counscting salvation with membership in one Church. Again, the question as to how Christ established His Church is thus answered; "By forming twelve apostles into a body of teachers, and giving them His mission." It would be equally true and equally incomplete to say instead : "By giving twelve apostles power to administer grace-giving Sacraments." The same homeopathic system of doling Christian doctrine is exhibited in the chapter on the Mission of the Holy Ghost. The Church is not once mentioned in connection with that mission. The Third Person of the Trinity seems to have come for the Apostles alone, "to give them strength and wisdom to preach the Gospel, and courage to die for Christ." That is all. Manning's great work on the Temporal Mission was written in vain.

The definition of Tradition is even less accurate. It begins by stating that Tradition is a collection of certain truths. A collection is precisely what Tradition is not. The Church is a living body with a mind and memory of her own. She teaches some truths not contained in the New Testament because she was alive and present when the New Testament was written and remembers certain things not stated in writing by her inspired penmen. This memory of the Church is called Tradition. Now, no theologian would venture to assert that all the truths in this Tradition have been already explicitly formulated. Hence a complete collection of them is impossible, and will be impossible to the end of time. Those that have been define I or otherwise explicitly formulated may be collected; but Tradition itself is much more than such a collection, just as a living language is much more than any possible collection of sentences. To speak of Tradition as a collection is to convey a false idea of its nature.

This new catechism does not tempt us to cease walting for the result of the Dublin committee's labours.

THE NEW PROTESTANTISM.

Timothy Dwight, ex-President of Yale University, in a recent article of advice to tudents says:

The movement of the individual life in the arlier period was, as we all recognize, towards the inner religious experience and development - toward the personality of the man himself in his relation to the unseen things. The Christian was urged to be meditative, reflective, introvertive. To-day, on the other hand, public teaching and private living in the Christian sphere have turned - how very largely - into the line of religious activity. Work for other men - effort for their temporal well-being - outgoing of the Christian principle in the way of external influence; this is the summons and the movement of the time.

It is a source of wonder to us now, as it has long been, that men of education, like Mr. Dwight, should take so restricted a view of the Christian world, and of the history of Christianity. The above is a fair illustration of the short circuit of his mental horizon. See how he wholly ignores Catholicity with its aged and timetested teachings. Let us put Mr. Dwight's statements in another and better form for him, so that their true meaning will not be hidden. Protestantism taught as its initial programme, that a man should guide himself and shape his life by "the inner religious experience," to use Mr. Dwight's phrase. His personality was supreme and developing that personality - independently it might be of all other personbird to evolve or develop any sort of a religious belief or unbelief that pleased or suited him, so long as he could say that it was arrived at by "the inner religious and introvertive" method. Now the results of that unbounded license of thought ing religious theories, and hundreds of thousands of mental free-lances whose with none in particular. We have hundreds of thousands of others who have unpunished and ought to be hunted down

them to be " meditative," " reflective," or porary says that to convict a man on the "introvertive," have wrecked themselves evidence of scoundrels is monstrous, on the rocky coast of unbelief and are in even worse case than those who tried to fit evidence that Gano was a scoundrel, develop religion for themselves.

cohesion gone, has sought for a basis of unity for the scattered fragments. Some been proved by ages of experience. But people think they have discovered such. how can we expect judicial consideration Ex-President Dwight sets it forth in that of the matter from a paper which, after which he describes as " the summons and hastily remarking on a few alleged factsthe movement of the time." It has been a few fragments of information, delibvariously described: "Altruism," "living | erately states: for others," " uplifting our fellow-men," " making the world a better and a happier place to live in," etc., etc. The most noticeable feature of the new programme is that is is purely worldly. Worldly charity, compassion for the sufferings of others, readiness to relieve distress - these are the watchwords of the new religion. It is a comparatively easy programme, and does no violence to the mental independence of any man, whether he believes in God or not, for it is not the doing of good to the sonls of others that is so strongly insisted on - that would produce disagreements at once. The great thing to be avoided in the new programme is disagreement. Men must be brought to agree. The world must be made a happier place to live in. Any points of conflict must be left out. If men would quarrel over the existence of God, let them not quarrel - it is of more importance that they should be harmonious and peaceful than that they should be right. The more enthusiastic even go so far as to advocate the giving up of sin when to indulge in it would make others unhappy. Hence the ceaseless cry against drunkenness and the small voice raised against worse things. The new programme has a reflection of a portion of the truth in it. The old programme of "inner religious experience," " meditative experience," had some such reflections also. On the whole, the new programme seems to be farther away from the whole truth, and from Him who is the source of Truth. Some of the sects were formerly very stern and uncompromising, and were much nearer to the true doctrine of Faith than their present-day successors. The Charity which is so strongly enjoined by the humanitarians nowadays is only a shadow of Charity as Catholics know it. To be good to others for the sake merely of greater harmony and happiness here below is very commendable. To do so for God's sake is to practice a great virtue; but not even when practiced for God's sake, is it alone sufficient. For unless accompanied by Faith and Hope it does not entitle us to the forgiveness of our sins.

THE CORDUA AFFAIR.

The Catholic Standard and Times of Philadelphia has an editorial entitled "British Murder Plots." It recites some cases of unfair trials in Ireland, at least it calls them unfair. It tells the story of one Kelly who shot an informer, in the street, who died. At the trial there was evidence to show that the immediate cause of the death was the mistake of a surgeon in probing for the bullet. According to our contemporary, the judge ruled that this was no defence for Kelly, and that the jury took the bull by the horns and acquitted Kelly." Does our contemporary mean to express approval of that action of the jury? Without ascertaining the law upon the point, we are in no doubt that the judge was right, and that Kelly was responsible for the result of an operation performed in good faith and rendered necessary by his own unlawful act of shooting. But whether that is so or not, the jury were not by any right or custom the judges of Kelly's legal responsibility, but only of the facts. If, upon the facts, he was, by the instruction of the judge legally guilty, they were bound in conscience to find him so. The theology of our contemporary is clouded a little by the warmth of its feelings. It proceeds to discuss the recent trial of Lieut. Cordus for a complicity in a plot to murder Lord Roberts, and draws a parallel between the two cases. Well, Ireland has suffered enough at the hands of those who sought to serve her by murder and the destruction of property, and we think it a pity that any of that sadly-twisted and anti-Catholic sentiment should be encouraged still, and education was only valuable as an aid in by papers of standing. Lieut. Cordua may have been judicially murdered. We have not the facts et hand, though we alities - and every man was as free as a might have expected the paper which prefers such a charge against a man of Lord Roberts' reputation and blameless life, to present a full statement of the evidence upon which Cordua was condemned. We experience," to "the meditative, reflective wish to remind the Standard and Times that a man is none the less a criminal because he allowed some one to lead him by are painfully apparent. We have hundreds the nose in to the commission of the crime. of sects committed to various and conflict- If the person who so led him was set thereto by anyone in authority, or otherwise the criminals are three instead of "inner religious experience" puts them one - and there is no other difference. in opposition to all sects and in sympathy If Cordua was entired into a plot against Lord Roberts, the other criminals are still

ligion" at all and who, no one compelling mitigate Cordua's guilt? Our contem-The answers are two: It does not present and secondly the evidence of scoundrels, Protestantism, finding all discipline and even when given to save their own necks, is very often most reliable; and this has

This murder plot in the Transvaal was gotten up in cold blood in order to afford Lord Roberts an excuse for resorting to the atrocious course of burning out the Boers and laying waste their country on which to his eternal disgrace, he has now embarked. Not Since the British in Ireland goaded the Wexford men into rebellion by wanton outrage has there been witnessed so colossal a crime as this in the

Now we feel as keenly about the outrages upon Irish people in days gone by as any paper which talks bluster and nonsense (and worse) nowadays for money or subscriptions-which ought to be the same thing. But we could never see how any good could come of exaggeration either of fact or sentiment. We love Ireland, too; and if a man commits a murder for Ireland's sake, we would see him go to the gallows with greater joy than if he did it through some other motive. That's the way in which we construe patriotism; and we are glad to know that the man Kelly referred to by our contemporary was eventually sent to penal servitude. The Standard and Times' defence of him is on a level with its reckless statement above quoted. We are glad that a certain class of Irishmen have not the power to consign good men to "eternal disgrace," nor the power to exalt murderers to pedestals of glory. Here is a writer, who apparently is aiming at pleasing some of the Irish race, hunting down the reputation of that noble, brave, true-hearted Irishman, Lord Roberts, because, forsooth he confirmed the sentence upon a wretch who may have been a tool but who was none the less a criminal. And why? Because Cordus was in rebellion against British authority. That is the secret of our contemporary's absurd onesidedness, a reason which seems all too cogent to many Irish-Americans. To say that we deprecate this kind of action on the part of papers which display the name "Catholic" would be to put it very mildly. The Catholic Standard and Times ought to be heartily ashamed of itself.

The Last of a Highland Family.

Mrs. Jamieson, aunt of Sir Claude Mac-Donald, British Minister at Pekin, died suddenly at her residence in Aberdeen on Monday last, says the Oban Times, August 25, 1900. Mrs. Jamieson was the last surviving member of a well-known Highland family, her father being Captain Mac-Donald of Coulnakyle, Netherbridge, Strathspey, whose son, Major-General J. P. MacDonald, who served with distinction in the Indian Mutiny, was father of the British Ambassador in China. When Sir Claude MacDonald was in Britain during the summer of last year, he paid a special visit to Aberdeen to see his aunt. Mrs. Jamieson had just returned home from Church, when she suddenly expired.

School Teachers.

Following is a list of the teachers engaged for the current school term in the

county of Antigonish. ANTIGONISH School Section. Teacher, New France, Rear Georgeville, Maryvale, Merland, Antigonish, Mary Grant Catherine J McDonald Annie J. McLean Florence H. Stropel A. A. McKimmie Florence H. Stropel
A.A. McKlmnie
Lilly Munro
Jean Chisholm
Dan, M. Chisholm
Dan, M. Chisholm
Colin F. McKinnon
Dan, M. Chisholm
Mand Sinchir
M. T. McDonald
Augus McGillivray
Wm. Fraser
Wm. J. Chisholm
Martha McDonald
Florence McIntosh
Patk, A. Bray
Rebecca Tompkins
Minnie J. McGillivray
Goronn Wall
Maggie McGillivray
Christina A. Chisholm
Jos. De Coste
Bridget Dooley
Angus Gillis
Elizabeth Crispo
Hugh H. McMillan
Mary A. McKinnon
Angus Boyd
D. R. McDonnell
Sr. Mary Anne
Sr. Leonard
Sr. M. Imelda
Janet McDongald
Andrew McGillivray
W. J. Chisholm
Janet McDongald
Andrew McGillivray
Christina A. Chisholm
Mary A. McKinnon
Angus Gillis
Alizabeth Crispo
Hugh H. McMillan
Mary A. McKinnon
Angus Goron
William
Mary A. McKinnon
Sr. Leonard
Sr. M. Imelda
Janet McDongald
Andrew McGillivray
W. J. Chisholm
Annle McLeliau
Penelope McDonald
Mary E. McDonald loverville, Lower Glen Road, Lock Katrine, North Grant, Dydesdale, pringfield, blassburg, farydale, leorgeville, leower S. River, leech Hill, lochaber, Dunmaglass, Arisaig, blenco

Lakevale, Harbor Road, Pinkle Town, East Tracadle, S. S. Antigonish Harbor, Morar,

M. J. Chisholm
Annie McLelian
Penelope McDonald
Mary E. McDonald
Mary E. McConald
Ethel McEachern
Annie I. McKeough
- Rose Landry
Mary A. Gunn
- Harris McDonald
- Geo. E. Patterson
Angus V. Chisholm
Mary E. McDonald
- Ellen Martin
- M. A. McLellan
- Wm. J. Rogers
Lauchlin McPherson
- Cassle McDonald
- R. A. J. McIsaac
Mary A. McDonald Afton, Tracadie, McNaughton P. O., Bayfield,
Big Tracadio,
East Hor. Bouche,
North River,
Hollowell Grant,
Tracadie,
Malignant Cove,
Pomket. S. S. Cape George,

Court Von Waldersee, Commander-in-Chief of the international forces in China, neglected or refused to "experience re- - that is all. How can such conditions arrived at Hong Kong last Tuesday

FOR HEADACHE Perfect Headache Powder

25 CENTS PER BOX

C. M. HENRY, Chemist and Druggist ANTIGONISH, N. S.

A. KIRK

Beg to announce still further additions to their already large and varied stock

In our Dress Department will be found a practically unlimited east of choice as regards styles combined with a high standard quality and a moderate range of price. We call purious attention to the

NEW PASTEL TINTS, in CHEVIOTS, BROADCLOTES, NEW FAST DYE, ALL WOOL NAVY BLUE SERGE NEW PLAIN COLORED COSTUME CLOTHS

NEW BLACK and WHITE CHECKED DRESS GOODS

NEW KHAKI SUITINGS. LINEN and PIQUE SUITINGS, in white and colors, ALL-WOOL CASHMERES, in usual colors. FIGURED LUSTRES and CREPONNES

Ready-to-Wear Skirts.

Rainy day skirts as well as every-day skirts, in Lines P. Denim and other fabrics, all marked at lowest priess.

Mantle Department.

Everything new and decidedly fashionable is represented to Ladies' Mantles and Jackets. High-class goods at any low prices.

Our Clothing Department.

Don't make the mistake of passing us when you need myther the Clothing line, as we can easily save you la to 20 per come your purchase. We are showing the largest range in tern, to up in all the most attractive styles for 1900, which is selled our special low prices of high-class goods in cloth, making finish, makes this department unusually interesting.

Shirt Waists.

We are showing a large, varied and exceedingly wellrange of Ladies' Shirt Waists, in white and nearly every wine the rainbow, and at prices that place them within the use als

White Wear.

This department is full to overflowing in everything that all and up-to-date in Ladies', Misses' and Children's Who Wer every description.

DAINTY NECKWEAR.

Stock large, and gathered to please and score another nonus. Cannot be described—will have to be seen. Swelling in White, Cardinal, Mavve and Heliotrope, all the new 10 Dainty Lace Ties, Patriotic Neckwear-something altereday and very attractive in Bows and Ties. The natt

MEN'S HATS.

Fine quality Fedora Hats, silk ribbon band and edge and Pearl and Black. Men's fine Fur Felt Hats, Derly and spring's styles, lined and unlined, silk band and edge

Window Curtains.

Lace Curtains, Ruffled Novelty Sash, Colored Frank Material and Furniture Covering in great variety of live coloring.

Window Shades.

In Opaque Shade Cloth and Scotch Holland, with her fringes to match.

FURNITURE

Our stock of Household Furniture is very complete. Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, Dining Tables, Co. Fancy Tables, Jardinier Stands, Fancy Chairs, Far Lounges, Sideboards, Hall Racks, Iron and Brass Wire, Wool Top and Excelsior Mattrasses.

HOSIERY.

Boys' Bicycle Hose, assorted colored tops, all sides and Ladios' Division of the colored tops, all sides and the colored tops. Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, large selection and goo

BOOTS and SHOES.

We have no space to particularize, but we wish emphatically that anyone requiring Boots, Shoes or S or coarse, Ladies', Gentlemen's, Misses' or Children ours the most complete stock to select from and at a sale least ten per cent.

KIRK &

KIRK'S BLOCK,

ANTIGONIS

fren's White Went

codingly well-sele

nearly every tolar

red Frilled, Com

TIGONIS

General News.

Prince Henry of Hesse died at Munich, Bavaria, last Sunday.

The steamship companies have given notice to exporters that ocean freight rates are to be advanced 10 per cent., owing to the increased cost of coal.

A bateau, which was crossing the Eau permen, was struck by a squall last Sunday night and sank. All of the men were

Prince Albert of Saxony, nephew of the King of Saxony, was killed in a carriage accident at Wolkan, near Dresden, last Sunday. He was about 26 years of age and unmarried.

The W. E. Sanford Company, of Hamilton, Ont., have received|an order for 11,000 military overcoats from the British War Office. They are to be shipped from Vancouver on October 9 for Wei Hai Wei,

The business portion of the town of Paris, Ont., was destroyed by fire on Wednesday of last week. Among the principal buildings destroyed were the post office, customs house and the Canadian Bank of Commerce building.

At a Cabinet Council last Monday it was decided to dissolve the Parliament of Great Britain on September 25. The first nominations and the unopposed returns take place on September 20; pollings on October 1. The new Parliament will assemble on November 1.

The British steamer Gordon Castle collided with the German steamer Stormarn in Cardigan Bay, Wales, last Sunday night, and both vessels went down, the former sinking immediately and the latter after about an hour. Twenty of those who were on board of the Gordon Castle perished

Some of the convicts of Dorchester, while at work in a marsh on the penitentiary grounds on Wednesday of last week, found a weed, the root of which they ate. Shortly after, they were seized with acute pains, and showed every symptom of poisoning. One of their number, a man named Richard Tate, of Lawrencetown, N. S., died from the effects of the poison.

Three agents of the Department of Agriculture have been sent to Europe, to be stationed at London, Liverpool and Glasgow. They are to watch the unloading of Canadian food products and see that ther are transferred promptly from cold storage on steamships to storage warehouses on shore. They will keep special watch over the bandling of Canadian cheese and butter.

Startling as were the reports from Galvesten the first day or two after the hurricane had swept that city, they nnderestimated the number of lives lost and the amount of property destroyed. While the number of the victims can never be accurately determined, semi-official reports place it from six to eight thousand, with about half as many more wounded. The city soon recovered from its dazed condition, and all hands were set to work to clear up the place. All attempts at burial had to be abandoned, and many bodies board, but the greater number were disposed of by burning. The piles of debris are still giving up their dead, and bodies are being found all along the coast, while some have been washed up rivers to a distance of twenty miles. The city was placed under military control, and many fiends caught in the act of robbing the dead were shot. Banks and other business houses are opening out again, and great preparations are being made for rebuilding.

One of the most gigantic strikes in the history of the labour world was declared in the Pennsylvania anthracite coal region last Monday. The total number of employees in the district is said to be 145,000, and it is claimed that eighty per cent. of these are union men. The trouble between the mine owners and the men in their employ has been brewing for a long time, but until lately it was thought that owing to the determined efforts being made by the clergy to secure a peaceful settlement, a strike would be avoided. The men have made several demands, among them being an advance in wages and the payment of the same in cash, as well as the abolishing of the system of company stores and company doctors. President Mitchell of the Mine Workers' Union, who ordered the strike, announced last Tuesday evening that 118,000 men had at that time quit work, and the number is now said to have grown to upwards of 123,000. No violence on the part of the men is yet reported and their leaders have counselled them against any outbreak, as it would result in the calling out of the militia, to the benefit of the companies. The companies are determined not to recognize the union. And will only treat with the men as individuals. The price of coal in the mining region has been already advanced twenty-five cents a ton to wholesale dealers, and the latter have put it up fifty cents a ton to retailers. In large

cities great uneasiness is felt among coal

dealers, as the stock on hand is much

-both the best. T. J. Bonner .- adv.

Inverness Notes.

The picnic triduum in aid of the Church at Mabou realized, I understand, something over \$1,300.

Mr. A. J. Macdonald, parrister, and Dr. Claire River, in Wisconsin, with six lum | D. Macdonald, with their wives and families, of Baddeck, took in the prenic.

As patrons of the event, the parish of Judique was primus inter pares - as erstwhile, it was wont to be " on the floor."

The first excursion on the I. & R. hour and a half, took place on the 11th

D. D. Mann, of McKenzie, Mann & Co., has been in the country for a week, inspecting their road and at the same time promoting the coal mining interests of the Company at Broad Cove. While enthusiastic over the bright nascent feature of Inverness - the offspring of its coal areas and shoreline railway, there was yet a hard peace. note of disappointment, if not censure, in note of disappointment, if not censure, in MacDonald, —At College Grant, Anti-his remarks as to the want of push and gonish County, on September 11, after progress on the part of engineers and subcontractors of the road, particularly on that portion of it between the South West and Broad Cove Mines. Realizing the vast resources of the Island, especially of this County, as he never did before, the wonder of wonders was and is, "that notwithstanding Cape Breton being admittedly the richest in resources as well as the oldest portion of the whole Dominion, it is the very last to be developed." Mr. Mann's observations are as just as they are timely. Why, it is a matter of fact, that less than a year ago, Mr. A. MacNeil, of Halifax, was literally laughed at, because he had faith in the Port Hood coal areas - ay, in the very existence of coal there at all. When single handed, practically alone, he spent the summer and autumn of 1899 at Port Hood, away from his office at Halifax, trudging on foot early and late to and from the Lawson slope, now going to the sawmills in the County to secure necessary timber, anon superintending a gang of men clearing the mouth of the pit, timbering, and beginning to pump it - why, all that really believed that his was not one of the forlornest of hopes - a waste of time, money and labour - could have been counted on the fingers of one hand; and this, be it marked, was true even of the Shiretown. But how is it to-day? 'Nothing," verily, "succeeds like success." Port Hood coal mines are the his loss. May he rest in peace! proudest possession, the best asset not only of the Shiretown, but of the whole County, without any disparagement to the I. & R. R. and all the other undeveloped coal mines. It is very well that one of the company, Mr. Mann, has been personally on the ground and seen and spoken for himself. Your correspondent is not an engineer or a practical railroader, in the technical sense; nevertheless Mr. Mann and the late terrific storm, with its freshets at the South-West and Glendyer, obliterating dumps and a

The construction car has got as far | showing the esteem in which she was held. north as Dulhanty's S. W., but with the May her soul rest in peace!

couple of culverts (but just "passed" as

O. K.) have shown clearly enough that he

CASKET, condemning construction on those

WE RECEIVED our usual quantity of | many cuts, breaks, etc., still unfinished, strong pickling vinegar and pickling spice and a building or two unremoved, the subs will have to get an extra hustle on, to get it running to B. Cove Mines by the first of January.

> The recent storm has been very destructive throughout the county, several barns having been blown down.

Universal regret is felt and freely expressed over Mr. J. A. Wall's resignation of the editorship of THE CASKET. Your correspondent, however, cannot allow himself to give any expression to his feelings in the matter, beyond that of a hope that the disconnection be not without a breakrailway from Port Hood to Port Hastings, that unlike the charioteer of classic story, making the run either way in less than an Mr. Wall will not always content himself with a "Quan quam O!"

DIED

McIsaac.—At Lakedale, Guv. Co., on August 30th, Allan McIsaac, aged 19 years. After devoutly receiving all the rites of Holy Church of which he was ever a faith-ful member, he passed peacefully away leaving three brothers and four sisters to mourn his death. May his soul rest in

suffering for 2 months and 15 days, John Macdonald, son of Angus Macdonald and Sarah McInnes, aged 34 years and 7 months. He received the bost medical treatment and the constant attention of a devoted family. He was fortified to meet his Maker by frequent and devout reception of the sacraments. Besides his parents he leaves four sisters to mourn the loss of a kind and loving brother. May he rest in peace!

MACDONALD .- At West Lake Ainslie, on Saturday, the 9th of September, Miss Annie Macdonald, beloved daughter of Neil Macdonald, Tulloch, peacefully passed away in the eighteenth year of her age. The gentle and spotless Christian life needs no comment. She had been a pupil of St. no comment. She had been a pupil of St. Joseph's Convent, Mabou, and St. Peter's Convent, Port Hood, where her amiable and pious disposition won the esteem of all who knew her. During her lugering illness, which she bore without a murmur, she was fortified by the last rites of the Church. Her remains were laid to rest beside those of her mother and three sisters in the cemetery at Lake Ainslie. R. I. P.

McEachern.—At Conlyacanleos, Mexico, on the 29th of August, John McEachery, eldest son of the late Donald McEachern, of Dunmaglass, Ant., aged 50 years, Deceased was well known in Antigonish in his younger years, having served his apprenticeship with Francis Cunningham, contractor, some thirty years ago. He resided at San Antonio, Texas, where he held a position with the International and Great Northern Railway Co.'y until ill health a few years ago compelled him to visit some springs in Mexico. He leaves four brothers and four sisters to mourn

Obituary.

The death of Isabella, wife of John McDonald, of Glen Alpine, in this County, and daughter or the late Angus McGilli-vray (Colonel), of Sou h River, on Friday, 14th inst., although expected for some time was learned with deep regret by her acquaintances and by all the community with sincere expression of sympathy for her bereaved husband, one son and three daughters, two of whom are in Boston. Deceased possessed a most quiet and pleasant disposition. She was fortified and consoled by the frequent reception of all the rites of Holy Church during her long and painful illness, and calmly passed were taken out to sea and thrown over- knew whereof he wrote last fall in the THE God for all eternity. She was in her 71st Her remains were interred at the South River cemetery. Her funeral which took place on Sunday was largely attended

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BIG CLEARANCE SALE OF

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UMMER GOOD!

WEST * END * WAREHOUS

We have several lines of summer goods that we do not wish to carry over to another season, and will offer them for next two weeks at prices which are

Bound to make them go.

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LADIES' BLOUSES.

Ladies' Blouses, Former Price 40 cents now 25 cents. Ladies' Blouses, Former Price 75 cents now 40 cents. Ladies' Blouses, Former Price \$1.10 now 55 cents. Ladies' Blouses, Former Price \$1.35 now 70 cents. Ladies' Blouses, Former Price \$1.60 now 80 cents. Ladies' Blouses, Former Price \$2.25 now \$1.15. Ladies' Heavy Flannelette Blouses in dark colours at

Fancy Dress Muslins and Sateens.

The balance of our stock of Fancy Sateens and Muslins at half price.

Print Cottons.

Big cut in the prices of PRINT COTTO

Print Cottons, Former Price 8 cents now 5 cts. Print Cottons, Former Price 9 cents now 6 1-2 cts. Print Cottons, Former Price 10 cts. now 7 1-2 cts. Print Cottons, Former Price 11 cts now 8 cts. Print Cottons, Former Price 12 cts. now 9 cts.

odd lines of Ladies' Underwear and Whitewear AT HALF

MENS' SUMMER SHIRTS.

Call and get a bargain before the sizes are sold out.

Mens' Laundried Shirts, Former Price 65 cts. now 4 Mens' Laundried Shirts, Former Price 75 cts. now 50 Mens' Laundried Shirts, Former Price, \$1.00 now 67 c Mens' Laundried Shirts, Former Price \$1.25 now 83 c

Ladies' Summer Gloves,

Former Prices 15, 20, 25, to 40 ets., your choice for 10c pe

Call early and look through these lines. They are

GENUINE BARGAINS

and we are cleaning the whole lot out within the next two weeks to make room for

which are arriving every day.

Our Milliners have just returned from Boston and New York where they have been attending the Fall Millinery openings and will be prepared to show one of the largest ranges of

MILLINERY

ever seen in Antigonish.

Within the next week we will complete our fall stock of

LADIES' FUR CAPES JACKETS and COLI

LADIES' FALL JACKETS

LADIES' GOLF CAPE DRESS GOODS and MILLINE

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO CASH BUYERS.

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High-Grade Groceries, Meats and Provisions,

> WHOLESALE and RETAIL

You can be sure of satisfaction in quality and price from

T. J. BONNER.

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Cenuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of



See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.



FOR HEADACHE. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION Price Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.



New Custom Tailoring Shop.

We have opened up business in Custom Tailoring at the corner of

MAIN and COLLEGE SST.,

next door to the Antigonish Book-Our long experience in selecting and making-up

Men's, Boys' and Youths' Suits, Overcoats, etc.,

is such that we can guarantee satisfaction in all work entrusted to us, and we respectfullly solicit the favor of a call from all contemplating a Spring Overcoat or a new Suit. Particular attention given to Clergymen's Soutannes.

INDIGESTION Can be Cured.

Open Letter from a Prominent Clergyman.

MIDDLETON, N. S. C. GATES, SON & CO.

DEAR SIRS,—Please pardon my delay in answering yours of weeks ago. Yes, I have no hesitation in recommending

Invigorating Syrup.

During the fall and winter of '96 and '97 I was greatly distressed with indigestion. I tried several remedies, each of which gave me no relief. I was advised to try your Invigorating Syrup, which I readily did and have felt grateful eversince to the one who gave me such good advice. The very first dose helped me, and before half of the first bottle was used I was completely cured. I have not been troubled with the disease since. I have taken occasion to recommend your medicine publicly upon several occasions, and heartily do so now. You are at liberty to use this in any way you please.

Yours truly,
REV. F. M. YOUNG,
Pastor Baptist Church, Bridgetown,

Sold everywhere at 50 cts. per bottle.

...... i

HARNESS

Spring is here and you want Harness. For good reliable Harness call on

D. McEACHERN.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. West End, Main Street, Antigonish.

HOTEL, QUEEN

ANTIGONISH.

THE QUEEN HOTEL has been thoroughly renovated and new furniture, carpets, etc., installed, and is now thoroughly equipped for the satisfactory accommodation of both trans the satisfactory accommodation of both translent and permanent guests at reasonable rates

GOOD DINING-ROOM FIRST-CLASS CUISINE, LARGE CLEAN BEDROOMS.

Restaurant in Conjunction.

Good stabling on the premises.

JAMES BROADFOOT, Pro Antigonish, June 8, 98.

The Supper of St. Gregory.

(BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A tale for Roman guides to tell To careless sight-worn travellers still, Who pause beside the narrow cell Of Gregory on the Caelian hill-

One day before the monk's door came A beggar, stretching empty palms; Fainting and fast-sick, in the name Of the Most Holy asking alms.

And the monk answered: "All I have In this poor cell of mine I give-The silver cup my mother gave In Christ's name take thou it and live."

Years passed, and called at last to bear The pastoral crook and keys of Rome, The poor monk in St. Peter's chair, Sat the crowned lord of Christendom,

Prepare a feast," St. Gregory cried, " And let twelve beggars sit thereat." The beggars came, and one beside -An unknown stranger with them sat

I asked thee not," the Pontiff spake "Oh stranger; but if need be thine, bid thee welcome, for the sake Of Him who is thy Lord and mine.'

A grave, calm face the stranger raised, Like His who on Gennesaret trod, Or His on whom the Chaldeans gazed -Whose form was as the Son of God.

Know'st thou," he said, "thy gift of old ?" And in the hand he lifted up The Pontiff marvelled to behold Once more his mother's silver cup

Thy prayers and alms have risen and bloom

Sweetly among the flowers of heaven, am the Wonderful, through whom Whate'er thou askest shall be given.'

He spake and vanished. Gregory fell With his twelve guests in mute accord Prone on their faces, knowing well Their eyes of flesh had seen the Lord

The old-time legend is not vain, Nor vain thy art, Verona's Paul: felling it o'er and o'er again On gray Vicenza's frescoed wall.

Still wheresoever pity shares Its bread with sorrow, want and sin, and love the beggar's feast prepares, The uninvited Guest comes in-

Inheard because our ears are dull, Unseen, because our eyes are dim, He walks our earth, the Wonderful, And all good deeds are done to him.

The Religious Situation in Italy.

The bad feeling stirred up by the Pope's refusal to sanction the prayer composed by Queen Margherita for the repose of the soul of the late King, and designed by her for popular use, brings out into new prominence the painful conflict which for thirty years past has been going on between the patriotic feelings and the religious convictions of the Italian people. They are proud that Italy is no longer "a geographical expression," as Talleyrand-or was it Metternich-once styled it, but a great State, which counts for something in the politics of the world. Nevertheless, their pride in their country is chastened by the remembrance that United Italy is the offspring of sacrilege. The final step in its unification was an act of irreligionthe deprivation of the Holy See of the last relics of its Temporal Power; an act, which was no more necessary for the consolidation of the new kingdom than the absorption of Monaco or San Marino would have been; an act for which the best only sentimental reasons could be an act which, as its latest histo rian declares, was not effected by any great uprising of the Italian people, but by a mere accident of European politics; an act which inaugurated a sullen struggle which will not end until the wrong done to the Papacy is righted.

And so it has come to pass that the Italian Catholic who, following the promptings of patriotism, would condone the crime of 1870, array | mself against the rights and interests of the Church to which he is by habit and conviction, deeply attached. The situation is a cruel one, but it cannot be ameliorated save by those who participated it. Italy knows too well the things that are for her peace. Let her be content with the glory of being the protector of the spiritual capital of the Christian world. The political prestige of the Eternal City has departed never again to return. The Vatican, now the Capitol, is now, and henceforth will be, the centre of Rome.

The prayer of the Queen-which we give elsewhere in full - put the Holy Father in a cruel dilemma. Nobody understands or appreciates better than he the grief and the piety of which that prayer is the touching expression. At the same time there are things in it which the Pope could not conscientiously endorse. Could the Holy See permit that man to be extolled before the altars of the Church as a lover of justice who, if he was not a robber of the Church, was a partaker in the proceeds of robbery? And what title had he to be designated in popular prayer as a candidate for a martyr's crown ?

And again in the closing invocation it will be noticed by the discerning reader, that stress is laid upon the natural virtues of the King rather than upon

view of eternal life. On this score slone we submit that the Holy See was obliged to act as it did. Outsiders who rail at the Pope for his lack of graciousness to the sorrowing Queen-for his bad politics in refusing to accede to her request, should remember that there are issues more important than mere politics and virtues that take precedence of our courtesy .-Providence Visitor.

Rev. D. J. MacGoldrick.

In the death of Rev. D. J. MacGoldrick, this city in more ways than one suffers a distinct loss. Not only is the community poorer for the passing of a brilliant intellect and a great teacher, but for the subtraction of a spotless life. It is not always that such deep scholarship and widespread attainments are united with a personality so entirely charming. No one could come within the range of that personality and not recognize its fascination. With a fineness of sensibility most exceptional, he possessed a strength of character scarcely reconcilable with the courtliness of manner and the polish of phrase not often known at this age of haste.

There was an apparent sixth sense of intuition which drew unto him the sorrowing and burdened, while a contrasting sunniness of temperament made him a welcome companion in any circle. Women found in him the soul of refinement: men acknowledged him as the most congenial of friends, and the truest of advisers. He had a clearer and broader conception of politics than most statesmen; he was better versed in philosophy than the majority of philosophers, and had an acquaintance with science which would have given his statements authority in any civilized land. As a linguist he had few equals and in matters of art and literature his wide research and familiarity with every subject were a surprise to even those who have made a life work of such studies. With these, he combined a beauty of inner life, a spirituality and a simplicity of faith which compelled all who knew him to feel his sincerity and respect it.

His life has ended all too soon. It was literally worn out in the service of others. Seranton Tribune.

"Some devil inside of me, tickling my throat with a feather," said a good deacon with a sad cough. "Well, this is the holy water that will cast the devil out," said his wife, as she produced a bottle of Adamson's Botanie Cough Balsam. 25c. all Druggists.

Latin American Chivalry.

The Latin American adores his mother, and she does her best to spoil him from boyhood up, with some commendable exceptions. In old age the sons return this blind idolatry; the Mexican is tenderhearted, chivalrous, a worshipper of the fair sex, and his aged mother is to him a divinity. He reverences her, worships her, and when she dies, he mourns her with exemplary constancy.

The noblest trait of Mexican manhood is the adoration of the mother. No matter how old, how feeble, how worn, she is the "madre mia," and where she is there is a shrine.

And the Cubans are the same; in fact all Latins. There is a lovely, poetic side to this Latin character. Infinite capacity for love, equal capacity for sorrow; blind worship, and woman always the object, There are exceptions; there are bad and brutal men; but I am speeking of a race characteristic. The ideal of the Virgin Mother is cherished in Latin hearts.

People who say that the Latin race has not the idea of home are much mistaken. How many people in the United States and England, have that intimate love of home that would prompt them on the building of a new house, to summon a priest to bless it? The other evening I went as a guest to the blessing of a dining room! The owner of the house, a Mexican friend, had just completed some alterations in his home, and his dining room, a big apartment capable of accommodating fifty people easily. He was proud of the room and wanted his neighbours to enjoy it with him. So he invited them to the ceremony. We waited in the parlour till the venerable parish priest arrived, a man of 80 years, and much beloved. He came with his robes carried by a lad, and we were summoned to the dining room, where covers were laid for 36 people. The table was handsomely decorated and was laden, in the profuse Mexican way, with a most delicious collation.

The aged priest, having put on his vestments, held his Latin prayer book in the slightly trembling hand, read the proper prayer, and invoked the divine blessing, sprinkling holy water on the table. A young lady, holding the candle for him to read by, was declared the "madrina," or godmother of the dining room. Then we all sat down to the table; the priest, having divested himself of his robes, was others more essential from the point of seated at the head as the place of honour.

After the meal, we went into the parlour, where one of Mexico's famous composers played a piece of his improvitation, and there was singing by young girls, and men going out frequently to the broad corridor for a smoke. Wine had been served freely, but no one abused it, and they never do in these intimate private affairs. - Fred R. Guernsey, in the Boston Herald.

Ruskins on Devotion to Mary.

"Of the sentiments which in all ages have distinguished the gentleman from the churl, the first is that reverence for womanbood, which, even through all the cruelties of the middle ages, developed itself with increasing power until the thirteenth century, and became consummated in the imagination of the madonna, which ruled over all the highest arts and purest thought of that age. To the common non-Catholic mind the dignities ascribed to the madonna have always been a violent offence; they are one of the parts of the Catholic faith which are open to reasonable dispute and least comprehensive by the average realistic and materialist temper of the reformation. But, after the most careful examination, neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influences of Catholicity for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive to true holiness of life and purity of character. I do not enter into any question as to the truth or fallacy of the idea; I no more wish to defend the historical theological position of the madonna than that of St. Michael or St. Christopher; but I am certain that to the habit of reverent belief in, and contemplation of, the character ascribed to the heavenly hierarchies, we must ascribe the highest results yet achieved in human nature; and that it is neither madonna worship nor saint worship, but the evangelical self worship and hell worship - gloating with an imagination as unfounded as it is foul, over the torments of the damned, instead of the glories of the blest - which have in reality degraded the languid powers of Christianity to their present state of shame and reproach. There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity in which the imagined presence of the madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfilment of the assured prophecy of the Israelite maiden: 'He that is mighty hath magnified me and holy is His Name."

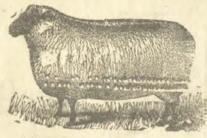
Aunt Mehtabel (reading the police court news)-Well, well! there's one thing I'd never do. If I'd fifty children I'd never name one of them Alias. Seems as if they're sure to go wrong.

Mabel (in a whisper) - Go in and ask him, George; if he kicks you I'll marry you, anyway. George (piteously)-But, my dear, there's no marrying in heaven!

elephants in

Papa - O, yes. Johnny - Do they have circuses in Asia?

Papa - N-c-o, I think not. Johnny - Well, what's the use of having elephants if they don't have circuses?



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ning cars of the O. POTTINGEL General Mann

What Shall Our Boys Do?

With the closing of the school year and especially with graduation comes the problem, what shall our boys do? In their reledictory they told us that they "stood on the threshold of life," that "the world was waiting to receive them," but now that they have crossed the threshold and stapped into the world, that world does not seem to be particularly concerned about them, but it becomes a matter of serious concern for them or their parents to know what they are going to do with the life and the world that is theirs.

We want to put in here a word for a business or a trade career in preference to a professional one for the great majority of our boys.

Heretofore it seems to be the universal ambition of all our boys who finish at the high school or college to prepare themselves for one of the professions. Often they have no further notion of the profession they would follow than a certain vague idea that it is a little more respectable than one which demands skill of the hands or which involves hard work.

But consider for a moment what all this means for people in moderate circumstances, what sacrifice it entails on the part of the parents, what time and labour on the part of the young men themselves. When a boy fluishes at the high school, to fit himself for a profession be should have three or four years of an academic course. Three or four more years are required for the study of law or medicine before any return can be had. All this time the old folks save and spare, even denying themselves the very comforts of life to meet his increasing demands. And what return is there in the end? To the great majority very little. It is more than likely during the first years of his professional career he will still have to look to his parents for maintenance. Success comes slowly, if at all, and in the end even this for the greatest number means only the merest competence.

Business, on the other hand, does not require such a preparation, and the returns though small at the beginning, are sure and Immediate. There is always demand for skilled labour, but indifferent professional men are a drug in the market. In great manufacturing centres, such as our own New England cities, with the daily demands for scientific skill in its hundred depart. ments, with liberal salaries attached, it is a source of wonder and surprise that so few of our boys equip themselves with a textile education that would open this avenue of orcessful business career to them. Per. haps be greatest obstacle in their way is that our half educated boys are loath to begin at the bottom. They are afraid or hard work, and have a positive abhorrence of overalls and a dinner pail. They would prefer to take a place on the ribbon counter of a dry goods store at six dollars a week for their life long than to put in the few years hard work an apprenticeship demands. But they are foolish. We recall meeting a young man whom we knew in college as one of the brightest and most promising of his class. He was returning from work with his dinner pail, and so begrimed with soot as to be unrecognized. His pleasant salutation and cheery smile told who he was, and in answer to our auxious inquiry how he ever came to this condition, he laughingly replied he was learning the foundry business. He owns the foundry now.

The business man has this satisfaction. He is a producer and not a consumer only. and so acquits himself of his duty toward the community. He may not figure in ward politics or cut much of a swarth in the social swim, but for comfort in life and appreciationin the eyes of his fellowcitizen he need yield to no man in the community. When the day is ended his work is done, and he can enjoy the peace and comforts of home, which is denied to many a man whom the world admires and envies. With rest and contentment that follow labour comes that immense satisfaction of producing something. Carlyle used to say "In God's name, Produce," and he never gave a better advice. If the man who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before is a benefactor to his race, how much more so is he who undertakes and carries out successfully vast projects for the human good, the in: ventor, the manufacturer, the engineer? How God, too, can be glorified by the work of our hands the "poet of labour" has well described where he sings in praise of

Fra skylight lift to furnace-bars, backed, boited, braced our stayed, An' singin' like the mornin' stars for joy that

While out o' touch o' vaulty sweatin' thrustblock says:

Not unto us the praise, or man-not unto us Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson-

theirs an' mine Law, Orrier, Duty, an' Restraint, Obedience

-The Guidan

Fuddy - Mrs. Brownrig always speaks of her physician, Dr. Sticker, as an "old war horse. Isn't it odd?
Duddy - Oh, I don't know. They say he is a terrible charger.

Acknowledgments.

Rev. W. J. Doody, Springhill, Ellen Bigley, Newton, Lower Falls, Finlay McDonald, Malou Month, M. F. Doyle,

McLegd, d Desiaond, Dooley! Chisholm, (Barrister), Sydney, Hanrahan,

C. McLellan, McDonald, (Barrister.) Mcintyre,

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J. Gillis, Gillis Lake,
Gillis, "" D. Gillis, M. McKenzie, East Bay, e A. McKinnon, N. S., East Bay, Curry, "Ck. J. McNell, "O', McNell, "O', McNell, "O', McNell, "McEachern, McAdam's Lake, McAdam, McAdam, Cake, McAdam, "McAdam, McAdam, McAdam, McAdam, McAdam, McAdam, McAdam, "McAdam, McAdam, "McAdam, "McAdam, McAdam, "McAdam, McAdam, Mc

at McAdam, S. McAdam, Eskasoni, McAdam, Eskasoni, McAdam, Eskasoni, McAdam, Eskasoni, McAdam, Eskasoni, McGoliftray, Sriley Brook, an McDonnid, Pine Tree, ans Fizzerald, S. Harbor, arew Chisholm, S. S. Harbor, N. Johnson, Springhill, N. Johnson, Springhill, N. Johnson, Springhill, McCallan, M. Margaree, McGolifis, McChant, S. W. Margaree, McGolifis, McCallan, McCa Cameron, ""

Uls, P.'s son, ""

J. McLellan, (Warden) ""

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de Enchern, Ballle, Port Hastings, E. Kennedy, Mason, McDonald, S. W. Mabou, ameron, Glengary, ampbell, Glengary, Port Hood, clian, Merchant, Port Hood,

ePhee, Isanc, Merchant, " ngus McIsaac, Merchaut, "
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aurice Breen, "
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Diamond Dyes are very simple and easy to use, and by using a stick to lift the goods while in the dye bath, there is no need of soiling the hands. For beauty, brilliancy and fastness, no other dyestuffs, whether for home use or for the dye-shop, riual the Diamond. The latest scientific discoveries are used in their manufacture, they are guaranteed the strongest and fastest of all known dyes, and will not wash out in the strongest soapsuds, nor cill they fade when exposed to the sun-

Try Diamond Dyes once, and see how easy it is to make old and faded dresses. waists, ribbons, capes, jackets, etc., look

Humorous.

"How dreadfully stout the general is

· Yes. Isn't it fortunate? Otherwise he would'nt be able to wear all his medals,"

Nervous Lady .- Have you killed many snakes around here this summer?

Barmer Hayseed .- No; I allers leaves 'em tor summer boarders to kill. You'll find plenty o' sport, mum.

Borroughs -- Sorry to have kept you waiting so long for that fiver I owe you, but I'll send you a check to-morrow."

Markley - For Goodness' sake, don't! Borroughs - Why not?

Markley -- Because I'd be tempted to blow in another fiver for a frame for it.

"You have lived in the Far West?" said the young woman with an air of eager interest, " Yes, miss," answered Bronco Bob. "And have witnessed lynchings and stampedes of cattle, and all such things!" "Yes, miss." Tell me; what was the most exciting episode of your life?" He thought with great care and theu answered earnestly: "Gettin' off one of these here 'lectric cars the wrong way.

miss." At a camp meeting there were elderly women sitting at the front in oak-split rocking chairs. We found out later that they comprised the choir, for when the parson gave out the hymn, "Oh, for a thousand tongues to praise," one of these

elderly females tried to " raise" the tune. "Oh,-for-a-" She had struck the bigh C, and her voice cracked; she cleared her throat and began again. " Ob-fors-thou-" and she was an octave low, while her voice sounded as if it was lost in her boots. Just then a defunct stock broker in the crowd of listeners jumped to his feet and cried out: "Start her at five hundred, old lady, and see if you can't shove her off."

Tenders for Insolvent Estate.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under-

SATURDAY,

THE 29th DAY of SEPT. inst.,

for the purchase of the assets of the estate of Pert A. Pratt, an insolvent, being the entire stock of jewellry, etc., assigned to me by said Bert A. Pratt, Jeweller of Antigonish, by deed of assignment for the general benefit of his graditure.

creditors.

An inventory of said stock has been made and it and said stock can be inspected on application to the undersigned, who reserves the right to reject the highest or any tender.

TERMS: Cash on delivery. By order of County Court.

Antigonish 12th Sept., 1900. Official Assigned

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

in re estate of Bert A. Pratt, jeweller, an insol-

To the creditors of said estate:

D. D. CHISHOLM, Official Assignee

Antigonish, 12th September, 1900.

WANTED . AT .

A smart young man about sixteen or seven-years of age to learn the harness and collar-making trade. A person with some experience preferred Apply to H. D. McEACHERN, Main St., Antigonish

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Brome Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it falls to cure. 25C. E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

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Just arrived a Carload of Carriages from the reliable McLaughlin Carriage Co. They are all of the latest and most stylish designs, and combine strength and durability with beauty and comfort.

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FARM IMPLEMENTS Of all Descriptions, manufactured by the famous Massey-Harris Co., including the well-known

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Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.

U Pa. Well A

"What's the difference between wages and salary? \

" If a manus working for 85 a day running a machine of some kind, or laying brick or doing something else that makes a white collar and cuffs uncomfortable, he gets wages. Do you understand what I mean?

"Yes, sir. "But if he sits at a desk and uses a pen and gets 811 a week and has soft hands, he receives a salary. Now do you see the difference?

"I wish," said the Infant Prodigy, that I was a self-made man, like Uncle Henry." "Why?" asked the Person who is always playing second fiddle in the conversational orchestra. "Because I would have left my bald head, too. It is too much trouble to comb it."



Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

ANTIGONISH, N. S.,

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> Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Cream Soda, Klub Soda, Champagne Cider, Drs. W. H. and W. Huntly Orange Phosphate Sarsaparilla, Lemon Sour, Orange Cider, Ironbrew, Fruit Syrups, Lime Juice.

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Vino, Etc., Etc.

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Night Bell on Door, FOSTER BROS.

Druggists, Antigonish. Remember the place, opp. A Kirk & Co

Macdonald

will remove in November next to the building lately occupied by McGILLIVRAY & McINTOSH.

LAND SALE.

IN THE SUPREME COURT Between WILLIAM H, MACDONALD, Plaintiff.

MARY CHISHOLM and JOHN A BOYD, representing the JOHN A MARLY CHISHOLM made heirs at BOYD, representing the heirs at law of and persons interested in the estate of William Chisholm defined as a constant of the best of the constant of the constant

TO BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION by the Sheriff of Antigonish County or his Deputy at the Court House, Antigonish, in said County, on

WEDNESDAY THE 17TH DAY OF OCTOBER, A. D. 1900,

at II o'clock in the forencen. Pursuant to an order for forcelosure and sale granted herein the lith day of september, in:t,, unless before said date of sale the amount due plaintif herein with interest and costs be paid

All the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the said mortgager. William Chisholm, now deceased, and of all persons claiming, or entitled, by from or under him, of, in, and to all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of

situate, lying and being at Caledonia Mills in the County of Antigonish, bounded and described as follows, that is to say; bounded en the sorth by land in possession, of John Chisholm, on the east by lands in possession of William Chisholm, on the south by lands in the possession of John Chisholm and on the west by lands in possession John Bray, John Druhan, Angus McGillivray and John McPherson, containing two hundred acres more or less; the same being the lot of land conveyed to the said William Chisholm by Alian McDonald by deed dated the 28th day of April, A. D. 1888.

TERMS. Ten per cent at sale, remainder on

TERMS: Ten per cent at sale, remainder on delivery of deed. ery of deed. DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM, High Sheriff of Antigonish County.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Groceries, Meats and Provisions,—T. J.
Bonner.
Clearance Sale.—McCurdy & Co.
Housemaid Wanted.
Horses for Sale,—John McDonald.
Montreal Excursion Rates.—I.4C. Railway.
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Trotter Bros.

Local Items.

Excursion tickets are now being issued to Boston and return via the Plant Line.

A COAL PIER in course of erection at Port Hood coal mines is to be 2,000 feet

THE RAILWAY employees are still uncertain of the date on which their pic-nic is to be held.

BRING YOUR LAMB and sheep skins, hides and calf skins to T. J. Bonner; he pays the highest price .- adv.

WE HAVE received from Mr. John Cunningham, Church Street, some samples of the varieties of plums grown by him. They appear to be sound and healthy and of excellent flavour.

OUR YOUNG men and young women would do well to read the new ad. of Whiston's Commercial College in another column. It is indeed a revelation and inspiration to go through this institution and see the earnest young people at their work.

THE FLAX-MAKING contest at the Halifax Exhibition is a novel and interesting feature. Antigonish is represented by six contestants, all of whom are from the Briley Brook district. Mr. Alex. Mc-Donald was instrumental in having Antigonish represented.

Losr .- On Sept. 6th, between the mills at Malignant Cove and John D. McDonald's store, Maryvale, a mackintosh coat. Finder will please leave at this office or at Dan Chisholm's store, Malignant Cove. adv.

THE MORNING POST is the name of a new daily paper at Sydney, C. B. It is eight pages, six columns to a page, is neatly printed and well filled with matters of general interest. Mr. E. T. MacKeen is the editor. It is Conservative in

THE SOUDAN, now on the Marine slip at Hawkesbury, undergoing repairs, will be ready to come off to-morrow, and will load at Bayfield on Saturday, and at Mulgrave on Monday morning. Freight from Antigonish goes by special train leaving Antigonish at 8 o'clock Monday morning.

IN OUR OBITUARY COLUMN to-day is recorded the death of John McDonald, the young man who, it will be remembered, sustained a broken back and other injuries by falling from a building in Boston in the month of July last. He spent four weeks in an Hospital undergoing surgical attention, and then undertook the journey to his home at College Grant, in this County, accompanied by his sister.

ORDIANTION .- Mr. R. L. Macdonald, of Fraser's Mills, who made his theological studies at the Grand Seminary, Quebec, was ordained sub-deacon this morning by His Lordship at the College Chapel. At the same time Mr. James Walsh, ecclesiastical student, received minor orders. Tomorrow morning Rev. Mr. McDonald will be raised to the order of deacon, and the following morning will be raised to the

SPORTS .- At the sports held at Truro on Sept. 13th, the Antigonish boys showed up well, W. S. Copeland, of the Town, won prizes in three bicycle races, first in the one mile novice, second in the half mile and first in the three mile. In the half mile foot race A. A. Gillis of Pinedale won first place rather easily, at least doubling his handicap over Pellham of the New Glasgow A. A. A. and Williston of the Wanderers.

HYMENEAL. - St. Margaret's Church, Lismore, was the scene of a happy event on Tuesday last, when Mr. Daniel J. Mc-Kenzie, of St. Andrews, and Miss Margaret Ellen McGillivray, daughter of John D. McGillivray, of Bailey's Brook, were united in the bonds of holy matrimony, the Rev. Dr. Chisholm, P. P., performing the ceremony. Miss Maggie McGillivray, the bride's cousin, acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. John L. McDonald supported the groom. After dinner, at the home of the bride's parents, the happy couple left by the noon train for Halifax on their wedding tour. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Mc-Kenzie many years of happiness.

THE SCHOONERS SOUDAN AND ONORA, of Antigonish, were out in the great gale of last Wednesday, which continued to rage violently along the Newfoundland coast on Thursday and Friday. They were bound home from St John's. The Onora made port on Thursday at Fremuze, Nfld., and was there driven on the rocks. She was since towed off and yesterday reached St. John's in a slightly leaky condition. She will go on the dry dock at St. John's for repairs. The Soudan struck the gale forty miles west of Cape Pine. She lost her storm try-sail and boat, had her bulwarks stove and her head carried away. She arrived at Hawkesbury last evening, and is now on the Marine slip undergoing repairs. She will be ready to lead for St. John's at an early date.

THE GOVERNMENT apparently have not yet determined on a date for holding the general elections, and considerable uncertainty prevails with respect to them. With few exceptions the leading papers on both sides of politics consider the contest will be held during the coming month. The very active campaign work the leaders are indulging in goes to show the correctness of this surmise. They are as busy addressing political gatherings as though the writs were already issued. The Montreal Witness, a leading Government organ, considers the elections will not be held before the spring. General opinion, however, agrees that the Government is merely waiting the readiness of the electoral lists and other matters of detail to announce a date, and that within a very short period they will be prepared to do so.

OUR LIST of acknowledgments is this week on page seven. Owing to the very great number of subscriptions received since our last issue, upwards of \$300, we have been obliged to defer until our next number the acknowledgment of fully onehalf. This record for one week we feel no country weekly paper in Canada can outdo, and we are heartily proud of it. Our advertisers must conclude from such records that they are receiving good value for their money. To acquire and hold in a country community such a large clientele as THE CASKET'S a paper must have merit. On this latter point we have always refrained from remarks. It is only with such practical evidence as is given by our weekly receipts from subscriptions that we feel it our duty from a business point of view to call the attention of advertisers to the opportunity that is afforded them at very low rates of placing their goods before the consumers in this and the neighbouring Counties. We must also here thank our numerous subscribers for their kind appreciation of our efforts.

WANTED

A GOOD CAPABLE HOUSEMAID, who

The subscriber offers for sale that

Two-and-a-Half Story House,

----situated on--

PLEASANT STREET, ANTIGONISH,

at present occupied by Mr. Bernasconi, C. E. The house is in thorough repair, newly painted and shingled; new fences, etc. The lot contains half an acre, and another good building lot could easily be carved out of it, facing on Pleasant Street.

W F. MACPHIE, 191 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.

TENDERS.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon,

SATURDAY, the 22nd day of Sept. Inst.,

for the purchase of that lot on Main Street, owned and occupied by Mrs Joseph C Chisholm. It has a frontage of about 85 feet, and extends to the Briley Brook so called, about 500 feet. On it are a first class dwelling house, finished in every respect, an excellent barn and outhouse. There is also a good orchard and garden in the lot.

TERMS cash on delivery of deed. For further particulars apply to

McISAAC & CHISHOLM, Antigonish, Sept. 12, 1900. Barristers

NOTICE.

Anybody wishing some choice Plums of the best varieties, can be supplied with them by sending in their orders to

THOMAS BROTHERS.

THE UNDERSIGNED have this day entered into a co-partnership for the practice of their profession in all its branches.

For Sale by Tender.

Tenders will be received up to September 11 for the purchase of a THRESHING MILL (Hall Manufacturing Co., Summerside, make). The machine is in good condition, being almost new. Apply to or address.

DONALD H. McDONALD, Lakevale.

LET

After 1st November next, the premises of late occupied by Drs. Macdonald in subscriber's building at Antigonish, also several offices in same building with earlier possession. Arrangements may be made to remove or refit a brick vault at the election of a suitable tenant for a term of years. Apply to

C. C. GREGORY, Fernwood, Antigonish.

Two Setts French Burr Mill Stones and all or connected therewith such as Spindles, gear connected therewith such a Bolts, Bolting, Chests and Elevators ALEX. McDONALD. Sylvan Valley.

The subscriber will pay cash for good butter in tubs, at T. J. Bonner's old stand, Main Street, Antigonish, opposite Post Office. Antigonish, Aug. 15, 1900.

WANTED!

One carload Fat Ewes and Wethers on Monday, September 24th, and all the good Lambs you may want to bring. Cash paid for F. R. TROTTER.

Sealed Tenders

will be recived by the undersigned until 4 p. m. Monday, 24th inst., for painting Heatherton Church and Glebe House, two coats. Church, 68 feet x 46, ft, 25 post; vestry, 26ft x 25ft, 18 post. House, 33ft x 24ft, 14 post. Kitchen, 24ft x 17ft, 14 ft post. All materials furnished by the parish. Lowest or any tender may not be accepted. For further particulars apply 10 or address

D. D. CHISHOLM, P. P. Heatherton, Sept. 12th, 1900.

Personals.

Mr. Walter Morely and Miss Annie Cooke of Sydney were in Town on Tues-

Mr. James Thompson, of New York, is spending a few weeks at his former home at Cloverville, Ant.,

Angus McPherson, formerly of Georgeville, but now of Butte City, is spending a few weeks with his parents at his old home.

R. St. J. McDonald, of Bailey's Brook, a member of the second year medical class of McGill College, left on Friday last to return to College.

Miss Flossie McDonald, of Bailey's Brook, Pictou County, left for Waterbury, Conn., on last Thursday to assume a position as teacher at the Convent there.

Mr. John A. McDonald, foreman of the New England Telephone Company, Boston, Mass., arrived at his home at the Old Gulf Road on Saturday to spend a few weeks.

Messrs. John and Duncan McDonald, of St. Andrews, arrived home on Tuesday, from New York. The former is a member of the New York police force. The latter is suffering from injuries sustained by falling from a grain elevator in New York s

Dr. A. A. McDonald, of Roxbury, Mass. arrived at Heatherton yesterday, on a brief visit to his parents, after an absence of seven years. He left home to pursue his medical studies at Georgetown University, Washington, where he was a distinguished member of his graduating class. For the last several years he has been practicing his profession at Boston, and meeting with considerable success.

The Calendar.

SEPTEMBER. DATE. FEAST.

21 Frid'y St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist 22 Satd'y St. Thos. of Villonova, Bp. and Con. 23 Sundy Oct. of St. Ninian, Bp. and Confessor. 24 Mon'y Our Lady of Ransom. 25 Tusdy Ss. Eusebius, Pope and Martyr. 27 Thrs'y Ss. Cemas and Domain, Martyrs,

The Chinese Situation.

Russia has modified the terms of her proposition looking to the evacuation of Pekin by the allies. Her troops, it is announced will not leave Pekin until arrange-ments have been made for the establishment of a Government to take charge of affairs. The Chinese Government is apparently anxious to carry on negotiations with the Powers at Pekin, and has appointed Li Hung Chang, Prince Ching and Yung Lu, the commander of the northern army in China, commissioners to negotiate terms of peace. Li Hung Chang left Shanghai last Friday for Pekin, where his associate commissioners already are.

The Texas hurricane, which reached Newfoundland on Wednesday night of last week, raged with 'full fury, sweeping the coast and doing terrible damage to fishing vessels. Forty-three vessels have been reported ashore, the majority of which are likely to go to pieces. lives are known to have been lost. Four other vessels with crews aggregating twenty-five are also thought to have been lost. In P. E. Island, also, the storm was severe and six or seven boats of the Caraquet fleet are unaccounted for. bodies of six men were washed ashore at Tignish last Friday.

The War.

The war in South Africa is now practically over. Ex-President Kruger has fled from the Transvaal, or Vaal River Colony as it has become since the issue of Lord Robert's proclamation annexing it to the territories of the British Crown. He is now at Lourenzo Marquez, and will, it is said, take passage for Holland by the German steamer Herzog in less than a week. General Botha, on account of illness, has turned over his command to General Viljoen, and the Boer commandos are everywhere breaking up. In all directions the British generals are meeting with great success. In consequence of Kruger's flight, Lord Roberts has caused a proclamation to be widely circulated, pointing out to the Boers the hopelessness of their cause and calling upon them to give up a struggle which can only have one ending, their complete subjection. He states that until the Boers in arms surrender unconditionally the British will not release any of their prisoners, who now number about fifteen thousand.

All Canadians of the first contingent who do not wish to serve in South Africa beyond the period for which they enlisted are to be sent home to Canada so as to arrive about the middle of October.

The Palace Clothing

GREAT MIDSUMMER CLEARANCE SALK

SHIRTS, SHIRTS and SHIRTS.

Men's, Youths' and Boys' White, Coloured, and Silk Shirts to be soll before fall stock arrives. Marked at extremely low prices to ensure speedy removal, as our space is limited we can only make mention of of the many values we are offering. : : : :

15 doz. open front white shirts, reg price \$1.00 & \$1.25 sale price 75c.

5 [doz. white shirts with collars and cuffs [attached, reg. price \$1.25, sale price 75c.

10 doz. fancy shirts with collars and cuffs to match, tasty patterns, reg. price, \$1.00 and \$1.15, sale price 65c.

15 doz. fancy shirts, assorted natty patterns, with collar attached, reg. price 90c, sale price 50c.

10 doz. fancy bosom shirts with white bodies, up to date patterns, reg. price \$1.00 sale price 75c.

12 doz. silk bosom shirts, reg. price \$1.00 and 1.50 goods, sale price 75c.

1 lot outing shirts

only 20c

only 50c, reg price \$1.00 1 lot outing shirts,

1 lot workingmen's shirts,

only 50c

Remember the above prices are such that no one can afford to overlook them.

The up to date mens' fixing store from head to say ANTIGONISH. MAIN STREET,

PRESCRIBED SCHOOL BOOKS, SCHOOL REQUISITES, COMMERCIAL STATIONERY DEVOTIONAL and OTHER BOOKS, DAILY PAPERS, WEEKLY PAPERS, and MAGAZINES

> In fact for anything you may require that is usually found in a First-Class Book and Stationery Store, go is

MAIN STREET, ANTIGONISH

You Want Shoe

Big, honest savings are the clinching arguments that to into customers. There is no such thing as competition when prices like ours. Goods of

are like the water of Antigonish-always good. We have

BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS

at prices that are simply below anything ever quoted in

FANCY GOODS, BOOKS and STATIONERY. INCLUDING FULL LINE OF

10

SCHOOL BOOKS and SCHOOL SUPPLIES,

DAILY PAPERS. MAGAZINES, ETC,

Mrs. Harringto WEXARIESTERNATED RUSE RUSE STREET REPRESENTATION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPER

Sergeant Arthur Lindsay, of Strathcona's Horse, has received the Victoria Cross for bravery in rescuing a wounded comrade in the face of a heavy fire from the enemy at North Standerton on August 5. Sergeant A. H. Richardson, also of Strathcona's Horse has been given the Victoria Cross for like conduct.

One Horse 41 years old, color black, weighing 1475 lbs., very fine appearance and excellent worker. Also one Mare, 3 years old, black, weighing about 1400 lbs. J. A. MACDONALD, Gulf Road.

Intercolonial Railway

\$12.00

To Montreal and Return

From Halifax, Dartmouth, Truro, Stellarion, Westville, New Glasgow and Picton. From Sydney and North Sydney \$16.00; Mulgrave, \$14.00; Antigonish, \$13.30. Proportionate rates from other points.

Round trip tickets issued from September 27 Oct. I, good for return until Oct. 16, Particulars from all ticket agents.

JNO. M. LYONS.

JNO. M. LYONS. General Passenger and Ticket Agent Moncton, N. B., September 17, 1960.

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A. J. G. MACCABE.

THE CELEBRAT WAGGONER 3

A 22-foot Ladder weight They are easily handled and cently strong to carry

350 POUN

Deriving their wonderful st wire truss. Are made in all painters, contractors, electri-also on public and private bi fire. For cleaning and the churches.

The only NEAT and Light, On exhibition and for sale by

D. McISAAC